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The Week

DESPERATE fighting in Spain continued last week, with the government's forces apparently gaining ground but their victory not yet assured. . . . Three of the Locarno powers, Great Britain, France and Belgium, held a brief meeting in London at which no action was taken except to arrange for a later meeting at which Germany and Italy would also be invited to be present. Since no one believes that Hitler's plans are compatible with the peace policy laid down in the original Locarno agreement and since it is impossible to suppose that he would change those plans because of participation in a peace conference, the new meeting that is projected seems merely another example of an old diplomatic device: postpone a crisis, if you can, by going through the motions of conferring about it. . . . Germany has offered fresh evidence of her new rapprochement with Italy by withdrawing her diplomatic representatives from Addis Ababa. The chief League powers and the United States are obviously in an awkward dilemma, with diplomatic representatives accredited to a government that no longer exists. . . . Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Germany's economic dictator, bluntly admitted that the policy of limited foreign trade through barter is a monstrosity that exists only because it seems unavoidable under present conditions.

GOVERNOR Landon's acceptance speech was the chief political event of last week in the United States. It is discussed elsewhere in this issue of The New Republic. . . . Intermittent rains in the Middle West somewhat mitigated the drought, although Mr. Tugwell, after a comprehensive investigation, reported that in many areas conditions are as bad as they were in 1934. Food prices continue to rise sharply. Government experts reported that the worldwide production of wheat this year, plus the supplies carried over, will be slightly less than last year's consumption. . . . Failure of the Republican majority in the Pennsylvania State Senate to live up to the compromise agreement on a relief appropriation reached two weeks ago brought a "hunger march" of the unemployed similar to that recently seen in New Jersey. . . . The city of Camden, in the latter state, was in the news for two reasons: city authorities, declaring the relief situation there to be extremely bad, called on the state for assistance, and Camden judges continued their policy of drastic action against participants in the recently ended strike against the Radio Corporation of America. . . . Father Coughlin made a rather half-hearted apology to President Roosevelt for having called him a liar, while news reports from Rome indicated that the Vatican is taking an active interest in the career of the radio priest. . . . President Roosevelt stole some Republican campaign ammunition by adding second, third and fourth-class postmasters to the civil-service list. He did so in such a way, however, that present politically appointed people are not likely to lose their jobs.

NUMEROUS letters from indignant Catholics have protested against T.R.B.'s statement in his Washington Notes to The New Republic that Father Coughlin's political activities were probably receiving official Catholic support and represented a Catholic desire to defeat Mr. Roosevelt. We should be

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happy indeed if these correspondents were correct and if the religious issue could be kept out of politics. Nevertheless if the Vatican, after consultation with Bishop Gallagher, Father Coughlin's immediate superior, who has gone to Rome to discuss the matter, does not express decisive disapproval of the radio priest's entry into the campaign, the rumors that T.R.B. reported will be impressively confirmed. It is true that Father Coughlin has apologized for his extreme language in calling the President a liar, but that is merely a matter of tactics. Bishop Gallagher in a public statement has given general approval of Father Coughlin's campaign as an expression of Catholic principles and a safeguard against the "menace of Bolshevism." Catholics have entered politics in almost every other nation where they are strong; it was a Catholic fascist dictatorship that seized power in Austria, with the encouragement of Mussolini; Catholics are now fighting beside fascists and royalists in Spain against the revolutionary labor movement. The Church has recently expressed great concern about the rise of socialism throughout the world. There is no reason in principle why it should object to strong Catholic influence in an American political movement that has fascist tendencies. We assume, however, that expressed or implied approval of such a movement by the Vatican would grieve many progressive and judicious Catholics as much as it would The New Republic.

MORE than a year ago The New Republic commented on the report of Mayor LaGuardia's Committee on Unemployment Relief in New York City, as "the best report on the problem ever issued in the United States." Recently the City Affairs Committee has issued a bulletin stating what action has been taken on the recommendations made last year. Only in the instances of the substitution of checks for vouchers and the payment of rent to home owners have they been fulfilled; the rest of the report still remains an unrealized ideal. Yet the problem has obviously not decreased in importance. A year ago 325,000 families were receiving either home or work relief. On May 8, 1936, the number was 416,683 (of which a small number did not represent entire families), and the rate of increase in applicants entitled to relief was greater this winter than a year ago. The Mayor's Committee pointed out last year the inadequacy of the food allowance, yet today the allowance is, according to the City Affairs Committee, 12½ percent below the private agencies' estimated rock-bottom minimum to avoid malnutrition. The maximum rental allowance of $25 (for families of nine or more), in a city where average rents range from $30 to $40 a month, still stands. The Mayor's Committee's recommendations for the increase of inadequate allowances for clothing, cleaning supplies and ice, and for provision for carfare, insurance and recreation, have not been acted on. New York City's finances are in good shape, yet it has continued to appropriate less for relief than it is receiving through emergency taxes levied for this purpose. The year-old recommendation that the relief budget be raised 20 percent is still a conservative one—and still ignored.

A POLL of approximately 100,000 voters just completed by the American Institute of Public Opinion indicates definitely that whatever strength is developed by the Union Party this year will come largely from previous supporters of President Roosevelt rather than from Republican voters. Of those who indicated William Lemke as their choice for the presidency 70 percent said they had voted for Roosevelt in 1932, 9 percent for Hoover and 4 percent for Norman Thomas. Fourteen percent had not voted at all, and 3 percent are new voters. Third-party strength is still much less, according to this poll, than it was at its peak, when Huey Long was assassinated, but since the nomination of Lemke it has been on the increase. The combined strength of all the small parties, with the exception of the Socialist Party, amounts to about 4 percent of the electorate, and the majority of this is support for Lemke. The Socialist vote, over the nation, amounts to approximately 1.5 percent of the total, a little less than the vote cast for this party in 1932. In several states that are considered doubtful Lemke may possibly be the deciding factor, by pulling votes away from President Roosevelt. For example, in Ohio the poll indicates 7 percent of the electorate for Lemke, in Minnesota 6.5 and in Pennsylvania 3.5. In North Dakota, his home state, Lemke has the support of 18 percent of the electorate.

UPON the occasion of a recent visit by a squadron of the U. S. Navy to the harbor of Gothenburg, Sweden, the sailors on shore leave made for the local amusement park, and there one of the Negro sailors invited a girl to dance. His companions instantly fell upon him, dragged him outside and knocked him unconscious in the presence of a crowd which was at first numb with amazement and then indignantly took sides with the victim. The Swedish police were calming the disorder when the American naval police appeared and ejected all the Negro sailors, in the face of excited protests from the Swedish crowd. The next day the incident was widely publicized, not only in Sweden but in practically all Scandinavian papers, with unanimous and stern condemnation. American prestige suffered considerably. The well earned lesson will be overlooked, and probably none of the sailors involved feels in the least ashamed. But we wonder what the civilized Swedes would think of our lynching statistics.

BALLOTS in Washington and Oregon this autumn will provide popular referenda on a number of initiative measures which indicate the stubborn fight progressive forces are making in that region. The most notable is probably the Washington production-for-use bill, placed on the ballot by the Common-

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wealth Federation, the organization that took over the state Democratic convention several months ago and drafted a program calling for public ownership of natural resources, social security and production for use. This bill provides for the establishment of a commission to purchase idle farms and other equipment, to be worked by men now unemployed and financed mainly by a two-mill tax on all property. Although the measure is meeting bitter opposition in the press, led by Hearst's Seattle Post-Intelligencer, Howard Costigan, head of the Commonwealth Federation, believes it has an even chance to pass. In Oregon the electorate will decide this autumn on a proposal forbidding colleges to make any military course a prerequisite for a college degree, and also on the Stevenson old-age pension measure. In both Oregon and Washington the Grange has placed on the ballot bills giving the states the right to erect hydro-electric transmission lines and to buy and sell electric energy, and in Oregon the Grange also sponsors a measure establishing a state-owned bank.

A FEW weeks ago The New Republic commented on the campaign now in progress in the vicinity of Seattle, Washington, for the establishment of a new liberal daily paper. That Seattle needs a new and liberal paper is shown by the case now being investigated by the Regional Labor Board concerning the dismissal of two of the oldest and most widely known employees of Hearst's Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Frank Lynch, a photographer who had been on the staff for fifteen years, was first demoted, and then dismissed on July 6. Everhardt Armstrong, the dramatic editor, on the staff for seventeen years, was dismissed on July 14. The American Newspaper Guild, to which both men belonged, is pressing the case as one of discrimination against union activities, and expects to obtain an election on employee representation counting the staff as of June 5, before Lynch's demotion and before a number of "understudies" were brought in. The Guild unit has appointed a strike committee with full power to act. and anticipates widespread union support if a strike is called, especially as the Guild is shortly to be admitted to the Central Labor Council. The other papers have been standing with Hearst, giving the case no publicity. It looks as if labor's arch-enemy would have a fight on his hands very soon, both with his own employees and with a competitor favorable to the labor movement.

NOW that Otto Richter has won his fight against deportation to Germany, on which we commented in The New Republic of May 13, and has been granted the right to select the country to which he will go, the young anti-Nazi refugee is taking action which marks him as more of a patriot than many native sons. He has instituted a $100,000 damage suit against the American Newspapers, Inc., publishers of Hearst's New York American, and Benjamin DeCasseres, a Hearst feature writer. No matter what the final outcome of the suit may be, it is an occasion for a little dancing in the streets, we feel, that Hearst's editorial policy should be so boldly challenged. The action is based on the charge that DeCasseres stated in an editorial that, among other things, Mr. Richter forged a passport, entered the United States with a forged passport, attempted to overthrow the United States government and married an American-born girl only with the intention of obtaining the right to remain in the United States.

THE president of the University of Richmond, Virginia, Dr. F. W. Boatwright, is carrying on a free-speech fight with the support of the newspapers and liberal elements of the city. One Louis F. Powell campaigned against the university, which was about to open a drive for contributions, on the grounds that several of its professors had shown "antagonism to industry" by testifying before a committee of the State Senate in favor of a proposed eight-hour law for women. The menace of such an attack is obvious, and we are happy that Dr. Boatwright seems to have been completely victorious. Yet we must regret that the line he and his supporters took was that the professors in question did in fact believe in the virtue of private enterprise and private property, and that "not one [of their graduates] has ever become a Socialist, a Communist or other subverter of our American democracy." It is a poor defense of freedom to say that one will only use it within the limits the enemy would impose.

AFTER an exhaustive inquiry lasting at least thirty minutes, we report that the outstanding topic of public interest this week, judging by street-car and tea-party conversational standards, is the dismissal of Mrs. Eleanor Holm Jarrett from the American Olympic team for excessive consumption of champagne while crossing the ocean. Since no organ of opinion should ignore this vital topic, we hereby present seven assorted views, as follows: 1. Mrs. Jarrett is a very pretty girl and we are in favor of anything that gets her picture in the papers. 2. As Lincoln practically said about Grant, we should like to know the brand of champagne on which Mrs. Jarrett trains, so that it could be added to the diet of all American swimmers. 3. Mrs. Jarrett undoubtedly took advantage of the fact that she considered herself unfirable; but she has undoubtedly learned a lesson she will never forget. 4. The American Olympic authorities were no doubt technically justified in what they did; but plenty of unwise and unjust actions have been technically justified. 5. It is especially regrettable to see Americans on their way to the Nazi Olympics act in the general spirit of harshness, rigidity and humorlessness that characterizes the Nazis themselves. 6. To put Mrs. Holm back on the list now would be an act of generosity that would be applauded the world over. 7. The weather is hot, on both sides of the ocean.

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The Kansas Coolidge Speaks

MR. LANDON'S speech accepting the Republican presidential nomination is his most important utterance thus far. Since his strategy is clearly that of saying as little as possible on any subject and relying on dislike of Mr. Roosevelt to carry him to victory, the address last week may be his chief one of the whole campaign. These facts justify comment on a speech that, on its merits, would deserve little of anyone's attention.

The passage that has aroused most interest is the one discussing collective bargaining. "The right of labor to organize," said Governor Landon, "means to me the right of employees to join any type of union they prefer, whether it covers their plant, their craft or their industry. . . . Employees are to be free from interference from any source, which means, as I read it, entire freedom from coercion or intimidation by the employer, any fellow employee or any other person." Spokesmen for organized labor were prompt to point out that this is the formula used by anti-union employers, and means in practice employer-controlled unions without interference by labor organizations or government. News dispatches from Topeka confirmed this view and said flatly that since the Landon forces believe union labor will vote for Mr. Roosevelt in any case, they have decided to seek the support of open-shop elements.

On the subject of relief, Mr. Landon sought to counteract the impression, now widespread, that if he wins relief expenditures will be reduced to the absolute minimum. He promised that "those who need relief will get it. We will not take our economies out of the allotments to the unemployed. We will take them out of the hides of the political exploiters." The Governor at this point is clearly talking through his hat. He does not know and cannot possibly know how much money could be saved and still give adequate relief to every family that deserves it. He dodges the whole question of public works as a way out of depression and the influence of large government expenditures on the degree of restored prosperity that the country is now experiencing. He says that Mr. Roosevelt's policy has "set recovery back again and again," without a scintilla of evidence that this is true. Overshadowing his statement is the well known fact that the main supporters of the Republican Party, the men who will dictate policy if Mr. Landon is elected, are in favor of abolishing work relief and returning to a minimum subsistence dole with all the shattering of morale among millions of unemployed, and the almost certain deepening of the depression, that such a policy implies. They are also in favor of returning care of the unemployed to the states, of which we have recently had a grim example in New Jersey. When the Governor speaks of Mr. Roosevelt's "fumbling with recovery" he fails to add that inadequate as the present administration actions have been, they were a thousand times better than those of Mr. Hoover, to whose policies, in general, Governor Landon proposes to return.

On agricultural policy, Mr. Landon manages the absurdity of denouncing the Roosevelt policy and at the same time endorsing most of its features. Like the Democrats, he pledges soil conservation, control of erosion, etc. Like them, he plans to give cash benefits to farmers, limited, however, to family-size farms and to producers of crops formerly sold abroad. No doubt wisely, he abstains from saying how much of a crop must be sold abroad to bring his plan into operation. He also avoids the difficult task of saying how big is a family-size farm. Is it to be the same number of acres in Vermont and in Texas? The same number for a Florida vegetable grower or a Montana wheat farmer?

Like Senator Vandenberg, Governor Landon attacked the "economy of scarcity" of the Roosevelt administration. Someone ought to tell these two gentlemen that such statements either mean they are Socialists, or mean nothing whatever. If you support private capitalism, then you *must* support the policy of keeping down production in order to maintain prices and sell at a profit.

In the field of foreign affairs, Governor Landon repeated the cruel hypocrisy of the Republican platform. The G.O.P. wants to prevent war throughout the world. It proposes to do this by keeping entirely aloof from all foreign affairs, except that a tariff policy will be pursued making it more difficult for foreign nations to sell to us and, therefore, to buy our goods. The Governor said nothing on the vital questions of American armament, or the maintenance of our "right" to trade and invest in storm centers like China. He ignored what is in many ways the most urgent of our national problems: a neutrality policy designed to keep us out of the new world war now brewing.

On the constitutional issue, Governor Landon went no farther than he did in his telegram to the Republican Convention. In theory, he is not opposed to amendment of the Constitution. But on the most important domestic problem before the country, protection of the masses of the working population, he wants to see control vested only in the states. He knows, and so does everyone else, that such control is an impossibility today: that nearly all important industries are interstate in character and most of them are nationwide. The demand for control by the states comes in the first place from those who want no control at all.

Mr. Landon's remarks on debts and taxes do not speak very well for the private brain trust he has assembled in Topeka. Government debt and large taxation, he says, discourage recovery because they absorb the funds that might be used to create new things or reduce the cost of present goods. But there is no scarcity of funds for private industry. Most competent economists believe on the contrary that new things are produced when consumer demand calls them into being, and that costs are reduced

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under true competitive conditions when consumer demand makes large-scale production possible. When the government goes into debt, or levies taxes, for the purpose of distributing relief to the destitute, it thereby creates consumer demand that would not otherwise exist. It brings about a partial redistribution of national income which, in time of depression, can be had on no other basis, and thereby makes possible an actual increase in that income. The Hoover-Landon policy of cutting payments to the unemployed in order to reduce taxes is one that can easily make depressions worse and greatly postpone recovery.

In advance of his acceptance speech, Landon was touted to the country as being a good middle-of-the-road progressive, much farther to the Left than Republican leaders in general, a man who would surprise the party and the country by the liberality of his opinions and the courage with which he espoused them. The acceptance speech has laid these theories in the grave. The Kansas Governor is now revealed as a likable man with bifocal glasses and a bad radio voice who either does not understand the issues facing America or is content to evade the real problems, act as the spokesman of a comparatively small owning group and ride into office on the numerous liabilities accumulated by the Roosevelt administration. The parallel with Coolidge now seems more exact than ever. By a great piece of good fortune, Coolidge's six years of do-nothing coincided with an era of comparative calm and prosperity. Is there any reason to suppose that, in the event Mr. Landon is elected, another such miracle will happen?

Camden's Judicial Strikebreakers

UNLESS all signs at the moment are utterly misleading, the courts of Camden, New Jersey, are about to furnish the country with an example of strikebreaking on a grand scale. This is not to be an example for merely a single strike, but one that will stand for a long time to come as a warning to labor that Camden merchants and business men and judges do not like unionism. It is to be a mass sacrifice for the open shop, and the prospective victims are some eighty pickets arrested during the recent strike at the R.C.A.-Victor Manufacturing Company. They are being held in bail that unquestionably sets an all-time high for labor cases, ranging in individual instances as high as $15,000 and aggregating well over half a million dollars. Indictments are now being prepared by the grand jury, which was summoned to an extraordinary summer session for this purpose, and the plans for trials are being rushed. Two of the local judges before whom the cases are likely to come have already announced that heavy fines and imprisonment "to the law's legal limit" will follow.

A representative of The New Republic sat in the courtroom of Supreme Court Justice Frank T. Lloyd last Saturday, while he was hearing pleas for the reduction of bail in the cases of twenty pickets and sympathizers who were still in prison under bail totaling $185,000. Justice Lloyd is himself the man who had made the headlines a fortnight earlier when, in the course of a few hours on the bench, he demanded bail of $523,000 from 101 strike sympathizers. Even so, there was the hope that with the settlement of the strike (on the previous Tuesday) there would be a more moderate state of mind on the bench. On Saturday, however, Justice Lloyd made it readily apparent that such hopes were without foundation in fact or theory.

His treatment of the case of Powers Hapgood is more or less typical. The circumstances of Mr. Hapgood's arrest are not disputed. He was leading an orderly, peaceful group of about 150 to the City Hall to protest against police brutality and imprisonment of R.C.A. strikers on unreasonably high bail. The officer making the arrest charged in his complaint that Hapgood "did engage in riot." On cross-examination, however, he confessed not only that there was no riot but that there was not even any disturbance. The cross-examination of Patrolman James Wilson on this point by Attorney Abraham Isserman is instructive:

> Q. Did you see a riot at that point? [Where Hapgood was arrested.] A. I didn't, no, no riot.
>
> Q. Did you see Mr. Hapgood engaged in a riot at that point? A. No, sir.
>
> Q. Yet you signed this complaint, didn't you? A. I did.
>
> Q. You say he did not engage in a riot at that point? A. Yes.
>
> Q. Yet you arrested him for engaging in a riot? A. Yes.

But all this left Justice Lloyd unmoved. The district attorney had pointed out that Hapgood had carried a placard reading "Release the prisoners from jail." To Justice Lloyd this meant nothing less than a threat to storm the jail. "Its intent was clear," he remarked, "there was no mistaking it as a plea." The charge against Hapgood was not dismissed, and he was forced to remain in jail in default of $5,000 bail. The fact that the bail of Hapgood and the other defendants was so high as to constitute punishment—by forcing them to remain in prison—and thus wholly at variance with fair legal treatment, was declared by Justice Lloyd to have no bearing on the case. "The law cannot classify and distinguish people," he declared. "All people stand on the same ground."

Obviously, in the face of such judicial intransigence on the basis of the flimsiest evidence, it is possible that there is more than appears on the surface. This theory seems to be confirmed by the curious sequence of events leading up to the present extraordinary situation. During the first three weeks of the strike, heavy fines and imprisonment were imposed on the R.C.A. pickets. Justice Lloyd and

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Quarter Sessions Judge Frank Neutze then issued a statement, in which they threatened even more severe punishment for all those engaged in future disorders. Two days later, as if by schedule, the worst disorders of the strike took place and wholesale arrests—123 in all—were made. Even if one assumes that the pickets were wholly responsible for the disturbance (and competent observers report that much of the trouble was precipitated by the police) this would not explain the unusual treatment the arrested persons received.

They were kept in jail overnight on a blanket charge of inciting to riot, were not permitted to see counsel and were denied bail. All this, according to those in charge at police headquarters, was on the order of Justice Lloyd. On the following day, Justice Lloyd himself sat as the committing magistrate —a procedure unprecedented in Camden legal annals. It was here he began the practice of setting bail for misdemeanors—in labor cases—at $5,000 to $10,000. "This is an unusual time," Justice Lloyd explained. "The slightest infraction of our laws might lead to greater crimes. . . . There is a question of keeping these defendants in jail two or three days or getting people killed."

During the various bail hearings, however, it soon became evident that the judges had other considerations in mind, quite distinct from this laudable interest in the protection of life. Perhaps a statement made by Judge Neutze the day after the strike was settled disclosed these other considerations most clearly. In denying an appeal for a reduction of bail set during the strike, he declared:

> . . . What I am thinking about is in looking back over the situation in Camden in the last few years. . . . First within recent times we had a strike at Campbell's Soup. After that we had a strike at the New York Ship, which was even more intensive, more rioting. [Actually, a four weeks' strike at the New York Shipbuilding yards in 1934 was free of disorder, while a sixteen-week strike in 1935 resulted in fewer than fifty arrests.] Here we have a strike at the R.C.A.-Victor which is even worse than the other two. Now, it seems to me that the leniency that has been heretofore shown has developed and encouraged these very things. As long as I sit on this criminal bench, I am going to deal with such matters severely so as to discourage them. I am going to make Camden, in so far as I am able, a better place in which to live. . . .
>
> I think Justice Lloyd showed the right attitude when he came in here last week and got right into this in the manner he did . . . because it discouraged it, it brought this matter to a head. By bringing it to a head, by bringing about a settlement, an apparent settlement, we have helped everybody. What is very important, it helped the merchants.

With Judge Neutze, as with Justice Lloyd, it was of comparatively slight importance that civil liberties were utterly disregarded in bringing "this matter to a head." Nearly half of those arrested and held in jail from one to five days on high bail were later released because the charges against them were no more substantial than the suspicion of the police that they were "sympathizers." On one day, for example, the police were given orders to arrest all pickets who could not show R.C.A. work passes. This was to prevent outsiders—especially shipyard workers and radio workers from Philadelphia—from assisting in mass picketing. On another, the police arrested a number of persons who were merely sitting in cars with Pennsylvania license plates—again on the assumption that they were sympathizers. "I feel these persons had malicious intent," said Chief of Police Arthur Colsey. "They were not arrested because they had caused any disorder, but were taken into custody to prevent them from committing any disturbance." Most revealing of all, perhaps, of the judicial frame of mind in Camden, was the comment of Judge Neutze on the case of Walter Foell, who had been charged with inciting to riot because he asked several persons why they were still working at R.C.A. "He has no right to stop anybody and ask him why he is working," said the court. "This is America, not Red Russia."

It is in this atmosphere, before men so minded, that the trials are expected to begin next Monday. There can be little doubt that, wherever possible, exorbitant sentences will be heaped on exorbitant bail in a further effort to intimidate Camden labor. The Camden Courier-Post carried an editorial last Friday declaring that "The emergency is over—for the sake of Camden, for the sake of civil liberties, we hope for greater discretion from the bench." It was a direct appeal to Justice Lloyd to reduce the bail of the defendants to a reasonable and appropriate figure, but it went unheeded. For quite apparently, in Justice Lloyd's view, there is still an emergency to be dealt with, namely, the growing strength of militant labor. It seems clear that the only hope for the defendants now lies in the possibility of mustering wide public support. Without such support, including financial aid to pay for the trials, there is a real danger that the Camden judiciary will put on a show of legal oppression such as the Jersey courts, despite their considerable reputation in that line, have never seen.

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EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HAMILTON BASSO H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN DEWEY
JOHN T. FLYNN WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN
W. P. MANGOLD JON. MITCHELL LEWIS MUMFORD
REXFORD G. TUGWELL

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Spain's Civil War

SPAIN is torn in the most bloody and relentless war that any Western European nation has experienced for decades. Neither side will give quarter, and, since neither side expects it, nothing less than resistance to the end offers the combatants any hope. Everyone knows that this is the decisive struggle.

Each side represents a coalition of divergent elements, temporarily fused in the presence of the enemy. The government that is under attack is nominally in the hands of Left Republicans, who in theory are evolutionary reformers, and in personnel are largely middle-class and professional people, anti-monarchist, anti-clerical and anti-fascist. At least until the attack upon it, the government was weak and ineffectual, in spite of the personal prestige and ability of men like President Azaña and War Minister Quiroga. It had no vigorous or coherent program for economic reconstruction. It offered no real solution for the land question. It was confronted with continual strikes and disorders, which it could not suppress because of its political beliefs and its labor support; yet it could do little to remove the causes of unrest. Capital fled, industry—small in importance anyway—remained stagnant or retrogressed, the standard of living fell.

The government was supported by powerful factions on the Left who, because of their adherence to more extreme action, would accept no governmental responsibility. These were the Socialists and the Socialist trade unions in the General Union of Labor, the Anarcho-Syndicalists of the National Confederation of Labor, who do not believe in political action at all, had never voted before the victory of the People's Front and favor complete and immediate abolition of the State, and the Communists, a relatively small and new party that has rapidly grown in influence lately, especially by the adherence of young people. The Socialists in turn were divided into two factions, that under Prieto which favored participation in the government and revolution by law, and that under Largo Caballero which adopted what would have been called until this year an essentially Marxist-Leninist position, but now, in tactics at least, was somewhat to the left of the Communists. The latter concentrated upon maintaining the unity of the People's Front and supporting the government against its reactionary enemies. In the strikes, Socialists and Syndicalists opposed each other; in debate and political writing, charges and counter-charges flew.

The spearhead of the revolt was the foreign legion in Morocco under General Franco, who apparently aspires to a military dictatorship of the fascist tpye. The foreign legion is a rigidly disciplined and well equipped force. A large part of the army garrisoned throughout Spain, as well as of the Civil Guards, was expected to join. A varied assortment of reactionaries, including royalists and remnants of the nobility, big landowners, cadets, conservative peasantry especially in the Northern provinces, and of course clerical forces and those loyal to the Catholic Church, were counted upon for support. Even the Carlist movement, long opponent of the regime of Alfonso, contributed adherents. Apparently the militarists, fascists, royalists and Carlists are no better agreed upon the sort of regime to follow their hoped-for success than are the defenders of the existing government.

The revolt was well prepared, with stores of ammunition and supplies. The plan of campaign was apparently to squeeze Madrid, in almost the exact center of Spain, between the pincers of the Moroccan troops in the South, which were expected to cross the straits in force, and the Northern army under General Mola. Meanwhile risings in all important cities and regions were to cause the government to crumble. A quick victory was apparently expected, which would not give the Left elements time to mobilize their forces.

This plan of campaign went awry. The navy remained largely loyal, sailors seizing ships even when officers tried to join the rebellion. Moroccan troops therefore could cross to Spain only in small numbers, mainly by airplane. The rebels seized important cities in the southwest, notably Seville, from which they sent out optimistic reports by radio, but were so hard pressed to hold them that no army could be formed promptly to march on Madrid from this quarter. Along the northern border the rebels gained many quick successes and dispatched a sizable army to the mountain barrier north of Madrid. There, however, they were checked in the passes by loyal forces, consisting of some well supplied and disciplined soldiers and Civil Guards, and a large number of armed workers and peasants. Moreover, the northern army had to leave considerable numbers of unconquered centers in its rear, such as the Asturias mining region, and Irun, the important railway center connecting with France. Barcelona, the largest city of Spain, on the southeastern Mediterranean coast, promptly squelched its revolt, and carried most of Catalonia with it. Government forces won many other successes, in general retaining a large square with Madrid near its upper left corner, and extending eastward and southward to the Mediterranean. Rail communication with southern ports was opened.

The rebels have therefore lost the initial advantage and have apparently settled down as if for a siege, while the aggressive has passed to the govern-

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ment. The decision hangs principally on the equipment and supplies henceforth available to either side. Apparently the government has access to plenty of food in the richer central and southern provinces, as well as the use of important ports, while the rebels, in the more arid and mountainous regions, and cut off from the sea except in short stretches, will be more meagerly supplied, except for the aid they may receive from fascist Portugal. If the government can muster sufficient artillery and ammunition, and, more particularly, planes and aerial bombs, it can quickly scatter the revolting forces in the field and compel the surrender of those locked up in numerous strongholds. If, on the other hand, General Franco could obtain enough planes to put the navy out of commission, or even enough to carry a sizable force from Morocco by shuttling across the straits, he might even yet mobilize a formidable offensive in the South—though perhaps not until his northern allies had been shattered. The outcome and duration of the war will depend largely on factors like these.

Here the attitude of foreign powers may be decisive. Fascist Italy and Germany have already been accused of aiding the secret preparations of the rebels; it is rumored, for instance, that Franco is using German planes. France, which has just taken over its munitions industry, is declining to permit exports to either side, in spite of strong pressure from the Left elements in the People's Front, who of course want to aid the Spanish government. It would be perfectly in accord with international law for foreign nations to permit the government to buy as much as it pleases, but traditionally unethical, if not illegal, to permit sales to the rebels. Nevertheless the delicacy of the international situation will probably prevent any government, whatever its sympathies, from openly assisting either combatant.

Either side, after victory, will almost certainly wipe out all the leaders of the opposition with the utmost ruthlessness, and thus assure itself against violent insurrection for a long time to come. The fact that the government had not done so is what made the present uprising possible; it is inconceivable that disloyal soldiers will again be treated so considerately. If, as now seems probable, the government wins, the inevitable suppression of all political elements on its right will shift the balance of power much further to the left. The workers and peasants are armed; their committees have already begun to administer affairs in coöperation with the government in Catalonia and elsewhere. It remains to be seen whether, after this bloody baptism, the revolutionary workers' movement will remain as sadly divided as before. Questions as to whether Socialists and Communists ought to participate in government would seem to be automatically answered if the reactionaries are dispersed and they can go ahead with their own program. Will the Syndicalists see the logic of the situation, or will they continue to revolt against any government, even one controlled by workers? OBSERVER.

Ruskin and the Babble of Tongues

THE Western world is shaken from center to periphery by a crisis in its thought. To be sure, the great army of orators, scribblers and scriveners is not aware of this invisible crash. But those who have tried to familiarize themselves with efforts at constructive synthesis in history, education, economics, politics, psychology or cultural anthropology cannot escape its stubborn existence and its challenge to contemporaries. Signs of the coming were clear to students before the twentieth century had gone far on its way and its imminence was declared by Benedetto Croce just as the World War broke in upon the golden autumn of the passing Victorian age.

And what is the nature of this crisis in thought? None has knowledge wide enough and deep enough to encompass it, but some of its manifestations are evident. At or near the center of the crisis in thought is the rediscovery of the distinction between *knowledge* and *opinion*. Connected with it also is the tragic sense of the conflict between the *ideal* and the *real*, between the noblest visions of man and his performances. Associated with it likewise is recognition of the fact that neither *theology* nor *science* can give to men and women the certitude which guarantees practice in human affairs to be correct, efficient and enduring. When the Victorian age discarded theology and took up science a certitude of empirical knowledge seemed to promise an infallible guide to life, action, practice. Now even the hardest empiricists are divided forty ways on the issues of economics, politics and culture.

Little boys whistling in graveyards as merrily as ever merely emphasize the gravity of the crisis in thought that besets those who try to think, who inquire of themselves: "What am I doing when I take up any theme of modern life?" A battle of the Titans is on and perhaps none of our generation is strong enough to bend the bow. The little words —individualism, communism and fascism—that pour readily from the lips of babblers as magic symbols for resolving the crisis are even now so corroded with irony and skepticism that the high priests of the auguries laugh up their own sleeves. Only an Erasmus could describe the scene.

Of course writing and talking, conferring and debating, will go on with solemn and ceremonial assurance. Journals of the learned will pour from

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the presses. Historians, economists, political "scientists," educators, psychologists, bankers, osteopaths and Daughters of the American Revolution will continue to meet, discuss and resolve. But if the literature revealing efforts at synthesis is any sign of coming things, then the Western world is on the eve of an intellectual and moral struggle wider and deeper than that which marked the Renaissance and the dawn of the modern age.

If that literature disclosing the travail of the human spirit is not enough to convince our "hard-headed" realists, then let them take a look at the real world around them—at the United States with its millions of unemployed and declining natural resources, at Fascist Italy twisting and turning in desperation, at Hitler's Germany writhing in the deadlock of its own economy, at toiling and moiling Russia still far from its "goal," at Japan filled with anger and murder, at dissolving China, at stirring Africa, at unresting India, at statesmen seeking to escape their domestic calamities by preparations to plunge the world into another war of blood, mire and ruin. If that is not enough to "prove" the case of the crisis in thought and practice, then knowledge itself is a delusion.

Surely it is time to take stock of ourselves and our work. We have arrived at that stage of civilization foretold by John Ruskin long ago. Near the middle of the nineteenth century tyrannical rules of life and economy were preached by men who were accounted wise and learned. "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest." "The struggle for existence and survival of the fittest." "The iron law of wages." "The Malthusian doctrine of population." They were all summed up in the noble sentiment: "Everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

Around this battle of the pigpen, the State was to draw an iron ring of "law and order." It was to discard all responsibility for the arts, for beauty in life and labor, for even the primary morals without which no society could possibly endure. The police constable and the sword were its symbols of authority and grandeur. If every snout did its best in its "natural" way, then "under the invisible hand," a "general good" would result.

Ruskin told Englishmen more than half a century ago that this "gospel" revealed an utterly damned state of mind, and that preaching it would end in degradation and disaster. And what a storm broke over poor Ruskin's head! Economists, journalists and "practical" persons, in their wrath, could scarcely find words bitter enough to express their emotions in a "scientific" manner. The editor of a great British magazine closed his columns to Ruskin in response to outcries from his readers. Poor old Ruskin! He was just a sentimentalist. He did not "understand" the "iron law of wages" or "the Ricardian theory of rent." He was a contemptible "moralist."

Ruskin was saying that life and labor ought to be good and beautiful. He was saying that the end of industry is a good life, not the accumulation of money. He was insisting that the State had obligations to see that workers were provided with ennobling tasks, were decently housed, were given security against unemployment and old age. Ruskin was crying out against slums, slag heaps, the filth and misery of Manchesterism. In his revolt against "the cheap and nasty," he said many things that will not bear the test of knowledge. But his insistence that economics is a branch of morals and that morals is not a mere side issue to economics was clear, positive and firm.

But how the wise and great scorned him! How the pedants at Oxford laughed at him! The poor old "preacher" was "so unscientific, you know!"

Well, all right, Ruskin replied in effect, have it your way. Let us admit that man's principal motive is greed, that private greed should be elevated into a national system, that fear of starvation is the only reliable motive for industry, that economics has nothing to do with morals. Why then should those who toil and moil, hopeless and spurned by the great and wise, accept your law and order? Why should they not turn their greed loose on your greed and upset your "fair pageant of State"? If it is really a case of greed against greed, if morals, beauty and honor have no dominant place in your world, what guarantee do you have that a greedy revolution will not trample in the mire such remnants of civilization as we possess?

That was a rather ticklish question for the great and wise. It bothered John Stuart Mill. In fact it bothered him so much that he repudiated in private the underlying principles of his political economy. It is true that an American editor of an edition of Mill cut the morals out and left all the greed in, but Mill himself would have spurned that editor had he lived to see the offense against his work. Ruskin's question kept on bothering Englishmen who took the trouble to stop and think about their theory and practice.

And who won in the end? John Ruskin or the great and wise of the Victorian age? The battle is not over, but there have been many skirmishes. History has rendered a part of the judgment on Ruskin and his contemporaries.

Do British statesmen now follow the creed of Manchesterism (so popular among some American economists)? Does Britain allow her old and infirm workers to fester and hunger in slums? Law and practice make answer. The British State (once the magnified police constable) provides pensions and assurance for old and infirm workers. Whether through fear or moral sense, it recognizes and assumes costly obligations. It "takes money away from lawful owners" to pay this expensive bill.

And what about the unemployed—men and women poor and without jobs "on account of improvidence," as the Manchesterites had it? The British State "takes money away from lawful owners" to assure the unemployed against hunger and misery.

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And what about slums and the homes of workers, "hopeless and spurned of all"? Has the British State left this to the "working of natural law" under the Ricardian theory of rent?

History has rendered a partial judgment here. The British State assumes moral responsibility for housing British workers. It has built or caused to be built millions of houses; it has cleared miles of slum streets; it has declared war on the poverty and wretchedness of the Londons, Birminghams and Manchesters—the poverty and wretchedness that stirred Ruskin's moral and esthetic sense. It has not completed the campaign, but it is on its way. And to accomplish this noble end, it has taken "money away from lawful owners" to destroy the fruits of "the improvidence of the poor."

Could Cobden, Bright, Senior, Gladstone, Disraeli and the other great and wise of Ruskin's day return to Britain, they would look like Rip van Winkles. *Weltgeschichte ist Weltgericht.* Ruskin is not yet triumphant, but the statecraft and policy of his critics and contemners are shattered. The crisis in thought widens. Ruskin's spirit lives—in his own works, in the lives of those ancients who knew him in the flesh, in countless books, including John A. Hobson's, and in the thought of British statesmen.

Memoir. When in the autumn of 1898 a group of Oxford students met in a little room in Grove Street to organize a labor college, they searched for a name that would best express their spirit. An American "from the wilds of Indiana" who had read Ruskin in the library of "a freshwater college" proposed that the new institution be called "Ruskin Hall." A debate ensued. The clinching argument was a reëxamination of Ruskin's "Unto This Last." His name was chosen. Ruskin still lived, his mind clouded by years, sorrow and suffering. His secretary wrote that the students' letter had been brought to Ruskin's attention (as my memory has it)—at all events that the new labor college had his benediction.

Now, of course, those students engaged in starting a labor college in Oxford in 1898 belonged to Theodore Roosevelt's "lunatic fringe." Among them were "wild-eyed cranks" lacking in respect for "academic traditions." They were starting a movement in the home of lost causes. Some of them had "bad manners." They even spoke on street corners. They went to holes-in-corners where trade unions met. They set many of the great and wise at sixes and sevens. But despite their crassness and ignorance, they enlisted the encouragement and counsel of choice spirits in Oxford—F. York Powell, Regius Professor of Modern History (a friend of William Morris and Prince Kropotkin), and Edward Caird, Master of Balliol College. Many students rallied around the original group, among them H. B. Lees Smith, later to hold a high post in the Labor Government. Ruskin Hall was launched—in 1899—with laughter from George Bernard Shaw.

Many things have happened in England since 1899, and British history is not yet closed.

Amid the uncertainty of life and thought, one thing seems beyond dispute: the economics taught in the official colleges of Oxford University today is nearer to the economics taught at Ruskin Hall in 1899 than it is to the official economics of that year.

If this statement is true, then some of the change is due to John Ruskin's "Unto This Last," and to his thought and spirit. That was the book that furnished a frame of reference for the students who started Ruskin College. They read Mill, Marshall, Herbert Spencer and Marx, of course. They talked with John Burns and Keir Hardie. They visited Canningtown and Ancoats. They knew the narrow alleys and courts in the working-class quarters of London and Manchester. They had the sympathetic encouragement of Sidney Ball and the Webbs—an inspiration beyond price. But "Unto This Last" served to give unity and purpose to their enterprise. Despite all the wrangles, battles and deviations, Ruskin's teachings furnished a kind of anchor against storms, in the early days of the labor college.

In 1899 the British labor movement was certainly a minor side-eddy in British life. Trade unions were "stodgy." The coöperative societies were sticking close to "trade." The Fabians, the Social Democrats and the Independent Laborites were few in number and split over policies.

Well, things have changed since 1899. The British labor movement is not yet a wonder-working Providence, but it has passed out of the "hole-in-the-corner" stage. Its leaders have helped to educate Tories, and have almost educated Gladstone Liberals out of existence. A little of that education at least is due to John Ruskin.

Perhaps in the crisis in thought that now besets us it will do some good to take up again "Unto This Last," and read it without anger or tears. The wrath of man cannot clothe him, nor shelter his head against storms. Neither can he live by tramway statistics alone. CHARLES A. BEARD.

Evenings in Wisconsin

Evenings in Wisconsin you sit endlessly on porches, steps,
on swings,
you pick the Dipper out of the sky, sometimes Polaris and
the rings
of Saturn. Listening to cars start up somewhere and pass
and the sound of laughter and of broken voices brittle as
glass,
you hear the evening mail go down the sky,
and think of cities, cities . . . and the distance where they
lie.

While the shadows lengthen on the streets,
you sit in the cool of dusk and listen for the heartbeats
of the world.

AUGUST W. DERLETH.

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Poison Gas and the Civilian Front

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of the British government that it is preparing to provide free gas masks for the entire population of Britain brings to the fore again the whole question of government campaigns on this issue. Apparently against their own interest, masses of people in Europe are refusing to participate in chemical-warfare drills. Municipal councils are voting down appropriations to pay for shelters and gas-protection apparatus. The governments that have started campaigns to train their people against the menace of poison gas find their propaganda drowned by this wave of protest. The people apparently don't want to be protected.

It sounds foolish. It looks as though the British town councils that have voted against gas protective measures, and the French workers' unions that have passed resolutions condemning them, are engaged in a fantastic kind of conscientious objection to all forms of war preparation. But they are not so ridiculous as they seem. Their movement is based on two propositions. First, a civilian population cannot be protected against poison-gas attacks. The second follows logically: if you join in government measures that have this as their aim, you're simply helping a genuine war-scare propaganda.

As a matter of accuracy, the first proposition should be qualified. Civilian populations could be protected if their governments were willing and able to spend the funds necessary to ensure complete protection. Unfortunately, the cost of a thorough gas-protection program would be colossal and impracticable. The prospect of the British government's printing paper money in order to preserve the mucous membranes of every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom is of course inconceivable. You can't protect a population against gas attack in present economic circumstances.

Certainly not with gas masks. The best filter mask—the kind that makes the wearer look like the harpy of classical mythology—sells for $12.50. (There are some French masks that are priced from $7 to $10, but they are not regarded as strictly up-to-date.) The cost of the new mask for Britain's population has not been announced, but it is interesting that it was once estimated that simply to supply masks to the unemployed and workers who could not afford them would cost the British government at least £40,000,000. The estimate for initial appropriation submitted to the House of Commons with the new plan was £887,000. This calculation, of course, is based on the belief that these masks really protect. But if the facts regarding gas masks are seriously examined, there appears a strong likelihood that expenditure on masks is a waste of money.

Certainly in the last war masks were not a howling success. The soldiers hated them. They found masks extremely uncomfortable and were often willing to risk infection rather than wear them. Besides, there were surprise attacks which allowed no time to adjust them. Dr. J. R. Marrack, professor of Chemical Pathology in London Hospital, has reported some very interesting observations from his experiences with gas warfare in France. He noted that even after gas masks and well organized gas protection were introduced there were many casualties. These were caused not only by surprise attacks but also by "pockets" of gas which remained after the attack had subsided. He noted, also, that troops engaged in spraying the enemy with gas clouds suffered casualties, although they were specially trained and given good equipment. Ten percent were gassed by their own weapons.

But assuming that the masses would show themselves especially amenable to discipline, and, in all circumstances, keep their masks on and remain wary of gas pockets, there is much doubt about the efficacy of even the most up-to-date masks.

Since the War, according to some reports, chemists have invented a whole new series of gases that can easily penetrate the old type of masks. Hence for every new gas, a new kind of filter must be fabricated to resist it. A sinister race is going on between producers of masks and the chemists who invent new gases—the latter, of course, several laps ahead. The chemists can always keep the lead, because they cannot give away precious war secrets. To sell masks on the open market—or to equip civilians with them—would be to reveal these secrets.

A cumbrous method of overcoming this problem has been suggested. The filters of masks are replaceable. Let civilians equip themselves with the latest masks. Let governments secretly manufacture and stock even more effective filters which can protect against the new gases just discovered and be kept secret. When war is declared these improved filters can be placed on the market and the gas-mask owner can replace his filter with the new one. That is, if he is quick enough and if sudden attack, without declaration of war, does not occur. Among all these confusing considerations, there is one that seems quite without practical solution. Masks of this type cannot be used by babies. The problem has been recognized by one French inventor who has suggested that fathers place their babies in air-tight bags and feed them oxygen from a bicycle pump.

So far we have dealt only with the ordinary type of filter masks. But there is one gas mask that does protect an individual against all gases, no matter how deadly. In general it is known as the "closed circuit respiratory." The wearer encloses his head

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and shoulders in a sort of bell, which is furnished with a diaphragm of caustic potassium to absorb the carbonic gas exhaled and with a cartridge of peroxide of sodium to furnish fresh oxygen. The chemical system must be changed frequently, replacing the potassium and the cartridge. This mask is extremely heavy and most uncomfortable. Moreover, it cannot be used, without changing the chemical elements, for more than four hours—which is much less time than the expected all-night attacks. But the greatest objection to this mask is the price, $40. Obviously only the well-to-do classes could afford it, and even the most well-to-do governments could not afford to supply it to all citizens.

There is also mustard gas. This gas (called *"yperite"* by the French and "yellow cross" by the Germans) can enter the system through the skin as well as through the respiratory passages. It vaporizes, and can penetrate the heaviest of wool uniforms. It will remain for days in unnoticeable patches on the ground, on the sides of buildings or other objects. Professor Marrack recalled that in the early summer of 1918 the director of the defensive gas service in France was taken seriously ill and two of his officers developed bronchitis and had to go to the hospital, simply because some mischievous person had dipped the end of a penholder into mustard gas and streaked the director's chair. These men were specially trained in defense against mustard gas, yet they did not detect its presence.

But science has provided complete equipment against the mustard-gas danger. A prosperous bourgeois can now sit in his office, his head cased in a $65 oxygenized bell, clad in special garments whose exterior has been chemicalized against vaporizing gases. This visicant-proof suit costs, according to present estimates, about $5. Unfortunately for the proletarian, it is not yet on the market.

Gas-protection preparations progress from absurdity to absurdity. Great stress has been laid, in both French and British government circulars, on shelters. Each district in Paris, for instance, is allotted a shelter, which is in most cases simply the cellar of a public building. Municipal councils in France have solemnly issued new building codes, which provide that all new buildings must be gas and bombproof. In England much emphasis has been laid on shelters within tenement and lodging houses. Elaborate instructions have laid down the conduct of an individual during a gas attack.

When certain gases are used, the individual should immerse himself in a full bathtub. The circulars do not suggest how, with one tub on the average to a house, all the occupants of a lodging house can protect themselves. Nor how they can distinguish between gases, for to meet the onslaught of another gas the individual should be "desert dry." Also it is specified that one room should be set aside in each apartment for gas protection. Since, in most industrial cities, a large proportion of families live in one room, the advice is of limited application.

As for the care of gas casualties, Paris offers an interesting example of the high price of rescue work. Near the Invalides there is a commercial gas hospital. It is well equipped with operating room and demustardizing equipment, and is staffed with doctors and nurses as well as furnished with an oxygenized ambulance. The price for use of the ambulance and care in the hospital is $100.

The Glasgow city council seriously examined the prospect of thoroughly protecting the city against gas and bomb attack. Glasgow has a population of 1,250,000 and could be reached by an attacking air fleet from the Continent within six hours. The council found that a gasproof room in each house would cost, on the average, £32. They also found that the minimum requirement for the equipment of each individual would cost £10. In short, the total cost of protecting Glasgow would exceed £10,000,000. They tabled the resolution for appropriations.

In France, the conclusions as to the impracticability of gas defense have been supported by an official expression. Says General Duchêne, Inspector General of the Defense of French Territory: "One must have the courage to say: in time of war we shall never, in a perfect manner, shelter all the people of a large city against bombs and gas. If out of 100 human lives we can save, preventively, one-half, the efforts made and the result obtained will be a just recompense."

It is hardly any wonder then that in both France and England, labor leaders and scientists have started a large movement against the government propaganda for gas defense. In England forty-six town councils and twenty-six trade councils have refused to coöperate with the government's campaign for gas-defense preparations. In France 6,000 intellectuals, organized in the Comité de Vigilance, developed mass resistance so successfully that the French government dared not try out the "black-out" last year in any town but Avignon. (It is noteworthy that the "black-out" has only been tried in Fascist Italy and Germany.) Even in Avignon the people protested by holding torchlight processions.

The energy behind this extraordinary movement has been stimulated for another reason than the realization that gas protection is futile. The masses appraise the gas-protection propaganda as but part of the general campaign for increase of armaments. They notice that little money has been appropriated by governments for gas protection; governments have tried to saddle this burden on the municipal councils. Fitting these facts in with the general picture of armament booms and war-scares which have been deliberately excited by the Western European governments in the past six months, it is apparent that whoever joins a gas drill or participates in a black-out is playing the game of the jingoes and armament manufacturers. The masses in England and France may have to submit to the burden of increased armaments, but quite evidently they are not going to take it lying down.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN.

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Brightness Falls from the Air

A Literary Sermon

THERE have been some strange mutations in the criticisms of James Joyce since "Ulysses" was published eighteen years ago. There was a time when so fine a critic as Edwin Muir could write in these pages, with a deep and eloquently expressed sense of gratitude and release, that now, at last, modern literature had a landmark, a point of orientation, against which its lesser achievements could be measured. Now, he said, we can see the stature of our contemporary writers more clearly, for we have something to judge them by, and some of our confusions about the people who do respectable work, but who leave us dissatisfied without knowing why—about Forster, for example, or Virginia Woolf—are cleared away, since we see what it is in our own age that they have been insensitive to. A new mountain has appeared over the plain of contemporary literature, he said in effect, and we are able, by taking our bearings from it, to find out where we stand and where, perhaps, we are going.

That was written at a period when English criticism was most rich and when a great many English critics were preoccupied with problems very much like those that agitate American critics now—it was written just before the General Strike of 1926. How much that dwindling unheroic defeat of the English working class meant to English writers who, consciously or not, smelled the fresh winds of change in the air, hoped for or feared what they could not foresee, only those who were there and conscious of what was happening can say—perhaps in a few years their memoirs will tell us. But it is certain that a perceptible movement toward a new view of literature and of English society was checked by something, and at about that time. You have only to read some of the incidental essays that were being written then—even such things as Virginia Woolf's study of George Gissing, whose alternate attraction to and repulsion from the common people fascinated her—to realize with a start how fresh and timely they sound. It was right after the General Strike, too, that Wyndham Lewis came out of retirement and began to blast away at everything in sight—at Charlie Chaplin, because he glorified the little man, the unheroic, democratic, wan, pathetic, frustrated, secretly triumphant little man—at the "revolutionary simpletons"—at the cult of unintelligibility, because it was in itself a denial of social, or class, responsibility—at homosexuality, because it was increasing and because it was weakening the morale of the English ruling class—at Spenglerian pessimism and its implicit turning away from history—at Joyce, Anita Loos, Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound and Robert McAlmon. He wrote "The Lion and the Fox" to prove that Shakespeare was really what is now called a fascist who hated the common people. He wrote "The Art of Being Ruled" and he advocated a kind of mass hypnosis to keep the common people dopey and contented.

But above all he hammered away at Joyce. Unquestionably he felt that Joyce was a pernicious influence, and he attacked him on nationalist grounds—because Joyce was Irish—on moral, esthetic and intellectual grounds and, finally, on the good sober sensible grounds of personal jealousy. He objected to Joyce's romanticism and sentimentality. He criticized the portrait of Stephen Dedalus with such savagery he seemed hysterical—he said that Stephen was weepy, spineless, egocentric, ineffectual, always striking stock poetic poses; that Leopold Bloom, in addition to being a Jew, was bisexual, and that Joyce's writing was full of clichés. Essentially, he condemned the romantic withdrawal of Stephen, as representing the artist, the intellectual, from the political battlefield that he himself, Lewis, was making such a fuss on—you felt that Lewis was just one short jump ahead of calling for a burning of the books.

In his novel, "The Apes of God," Lewis made one of the most savage attacks on a literary figure to be found in modern writing—but it was ineffectual because the book, despite some superb satire, was so incoherent as to be unreadable. Its central figure was obviously modeled on Stephen Dedalus. But in "The Apes of God" the young Irish genius was presented as one of the most hopelessly stupid people ever created or imagined—he went about whimpering about his precious genius while women raped him, pansies chased him around, everybody tricked him and he never had the slightest idea of what it was all about. The only thing that saved him is that all the other geniuses—everybody in the book was a genius—were as dumb and helpless as himself.

That could be put down as the classic criticism from the Right. Now Stephen Spender has from a somewhat confused and bedazzled position on the Left come out with the same sort of attack on Joyce, or on Stephen Dedalus, for they seem to be used interchangeably, virtually dismissing him with some superficial echoings of Lewis' arguments. And at the Soviet Writers' Congress, Karl Radek, in one of those slap-dash judgments that are so effective in politics and so exasperating in literary criticism, said that Joyce's work amounted to studying a manure pile through a microscope.

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As I reread Joyce with these criticisms fresh in my mind, it seemed to me that what the critics had actually accomplished was to reveal indirectly the real character of Joyce's achievement and one of the clearest reasons for his influence on other writers and on intellectuals generally. When Spender says that Stephen is so completely the stock figure of the romantic poet that you would never recognize him without his ash plant, he is, in a sense, right. But his conclusion is wrong, for it is precisely because Stephen is a stock figure, a sort of super-stock idealization, an amalgam of all the conceivable poetic and intellectual attitudes we know, that he carries such a various weight; and it is because his creative impulses (heightened and made extreme as they are) are so jammed and choked as they collide with a hostile environment, that his plight strikes such a strong echo in so many. There is in "Portrait of the Artist" an incident that dramatizes the main burden of modern criticism far more effectively, it seems to me, than anything the critics have given us, for it deals with the processes of the imagination's withdrawal, and it shows the sort of creative concentration that is the source of poetry weakening itself and being enfeebled by its own products.

The scene is a typical one in Joyce. Stephen is standing on the steps of the library in Dublin, listen- to the dull coarse banter of his schoolmates, when the girl he admires and to whose image he addresses his verse, passes by, and a momentary silence falls on the group. She bows to one of Stephen's friends, perhaps to him too—darkness is falling, and he cannot be certain, nor can he be sure whether a slight flush has not appeared on his friend's cheek. As is so often the case in Joyce's novels, this scene has taken place in partial twilight, in which only the most towering and massive aspects of the background stand out: the colonnades of the library porch, vaguely suggesting the grandeur of some ancient temple; shadows everywhere. Throughout "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and "Ulysses," incidentally, you can find Joyce's blindness foreshadowed in the blurred and wavering details that surround his characters. Their voices are usually sharply and exactly described—few writers have been so acutely conscious as Joyce of the mysterious intonations of the human voice—but their features are seldom plainly seen; they might all be dressed alike for all that their author tells us; only their most striking gestures and expressions attract his attention. The girl whose walk across the porch so agitated Stephen seems never to figure for him as a human being whose physical characteristics were somehow different from those of any other. The world of Joyce's novels is like the stage settings of Gordon Craig, or of some of the expressionistic designers of the period immediately after the War, all planes and spaces, gray and blue lights and shimmering distances, shadowed, vague, melancholy and mysterious—but the characters in Joyce's novels, unlike those who moved over the stages of expressionism, do not speak in heroic or mock-heroic lines, are not conscious of their symbolic significance, but rather express themselves in the pungent small talk of Dublin, in common phrases so exact and spontaneous, so convincingly true to their individual identities, that they give constant startling evidence of their author's keenness of hearing and memory.

But the importance of this particular scene in "A Portrait of the Artist" is neither in the vagueness of its physical descriptions nor in the astonishing accuracy with which the speech of the characters is captured. It is in Stephen's experience as he waited, in the twilight, for an opportunity to discuss his problems with the friend whose detachment he suddenly doubted. As his girl passed, a line of poetry crossed his memory. "Darkness falls from the air," he repeated, and the lovely lines from Nash filled him with "trembling joy." He did not know whether his mood sprang from the sight of the girl, or his response to the verse, with its "black vowels" and "rich and lute-like opening sounds," but he walked away, hiding his reverie from the students, and let his imagination turn to the Elizabethans, to the "age of Dowland and Byrd and Nash." For an instant he experienced a kind of creative ecstasy, half-erotic in character, tasting "in the language of memory ambered wines, dying fallings of sweet airs," imagining "kind gentlewomen in Covent Garden," "the pox-fouled wenches in the taverns," the "young wives that, gayly yielding to their ravishers, clipped and clipped again."

In all Joyce's writing Elizabethan England possesses a momentous and undefined significance. It is thought of as a richer and happier time, more varied and tuneful, gross, brutal but spontaneous, and above all an age in which the gap between the impulse that flowers in the mind or the body, and the fulfilment of that impulse in terms of action, is not deep or impossible. To Stephen it is a storehouse of rich and vivid and moving images, sonorous or gay, for which no contemporary experiences exist. He recalls the great lives or the great scenes of Elizabethan literature, not because the lines or scenes are relevant to specific situations in his own world, but because they are so oppressively irrelevant and incongruous—because the monotony or indignity or empty anxiety of his daily living could not possibly give birth to such music. As he walks through the dreary streets of Dublin his mind turns for pleasure to Elizabethan lyrics; in a moment of strong Irish nationalistic dejection he reflects that the gray, dried-up English dean of studies, despite his fatigue, his repelling academic precision, is "a countryman of Ben Jonson." The famous discussion of Shakespeare that interrupts "Ulysses" midway is merely a clearer statement of what runs through all of Joyce's work—for Stephen in that scene, as in so many others, the age of Shakespeare is a poetic paradise which, having once been known, makes him forever aware of the prose hell he inhabits.

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So this incident at the library, the quotation from Nash that fires his imagination, has a special meaning for him. Just this once his poetic inheritance—the store of lovely lines and images with which his consciousness is charged—is not at war with reality, and the phrase that resounds in his memory, filling him with a "conscious unrest," persists as a dynamic force, though his images give him no pleasure. Then a louse crawling across his neck drags him back to earth, and the life of his body, "ill fed, ill clad, louse eaten," makes him close his eyes in despair; suddenly he realizes that he has remembered Nash's line wrong. The poet of a warmer age had written: "Brightness falls from the air," and it was a line that no modern poet could write, and it came from a mood so remote and incredible that, remembered, it was perverted and denied as it passed through his modern consciousness. How, in the dreary tuneless world around him, could he visualize an age in which such an image bubbled out of life? What could keep his own world from pressing in upon even the richest heritage of the past, corrupting and distorting it and remaking it in its own image? And how, living and writing at the twilight of a culture, could he visualize even imperfectly what it had been like in its morning? All his images were false, for the memory that fed them was false. His mind bred vermin, and he was poisoned by his times. Darkness for brightness, night for morning, death for life—he was reading, into the very cultural heritage that awakened him and that he wanted to enrich, the dejection that pressed on him from all sides.

So the revulsion that sickened him was no mood that would go away. It was not the routine despair of an artist temporarily baffled by a problem he could not solve. It was not like the torment of Flaubert, groaning over the drudgery of creation; least of all was it like that dogged determination which carried Henry James through his periods of imaginative inactivity and led him to say that for the artist expertness was only the "acquired courage" to face such cruel crises whenever they arose. No, it was a rejection of the sources of his inspiration. He could not trust his imagination. He brought to the world, distilled in his memory, the richness of its past; and all the wealth of his creative equipment only made him more conscious of the drab brutality around him and weakened him for his war with it. And the world in turn blotted out or ruined what he remembered. Poetry for him was something that had been known in some other time. Charged with its images, his mind reeled from the impact of trucks in the streets, newspaper headlines, the screams of madwomen, the drool of public speech, from the very life of his body that warred forever with the life of his mind—and when he went down it was as if the culture he had lived on went down with him; and when he summoned up, for strength enough to keep going, the great lines from Shakespeare or Nash or Ben Jonson, it was as if the culture he had lived on was crying out in its death agony faint and broken fragments from the poetry of its remembered youth.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

The Editorial Slant on Steel

FOR FIVE and a half days a week for nearly three years it has been my job to read editorials—editorials clipped from more than 500 daily newspapers from all parts of the United States—and to make digests of the sentiment expressed in these editorials. The conviction I have brought out of this experience is that editorial writers form one of the most conservative groups left in this modern world, that most of them make reactionary "big business" leaders look like radicals.

The term "conservative" is as hard to define in these days of shifting social values as are the labels "Democrat" and "Republican." And there are, of course, various degrees of conservatism, just as there are various types of Democrats and Republicans. But taking the ordinary, desk-dictionary definition of conservative—"adhering to the existing order of things; opposed to change or progress"—I am willing to defend the statement that the editorial policy of at least 95 percent of the American newspapers is conservative, and I really believe the figure should be nearer 99 percent. It is quite true that practically every conservative newspaper at some time or other takes a liberal editorial stand on some subject, and on the strength of these infrequent excursions into liberalism the editorial writers and publishers of these papers will argue to the death that their editorial policy is liberal. In my opinion an occasional liberal editorial does not make an otherwise conservative newspaper liberal, but when a large group of American newspapers take a liberal editorial stand, that is news.

Of all subjects on which the American newspapers have been most unanimously conservative in the past, labor unionization, with its threat of strikes and lost profits, has certainly come near the top of the list. The mere mention of an impending battle between employers and employees, especially if a nationwide strike appeared in the offing, was enough to send newspaper publishers, and therefore editorial writers, into a collective state of jitters, from which they "viewed with alarm" and "deplored" daily and bitterly. There were exceptions, of course, in which newspapers other than Socialist, Communist or labor organs stated the case of the unions with fairness and sympathy and urged con-

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sideration of their demands, but the newspapers that did so in spite of large general circulations and columns well filled with advertising were very few.

Remembering the editorial attitude of the past, when John L. Lewis set out to organize the steel industry into a vertical union and the Iron and Steel Institute announced through the medium of full-page ads in 375 newspapers that it would resist such unionization to the limit, I expected the usual deluge of editorial laments and recriminations. Well, the deluge came—321 editorials on the situation between June 29, when the Iron and Steel Institute issued its ultimatum, and July 20. And there were laments and recriminations from vehement and irreconcilable spokesmen of the Tory press.

The first surprise came in the realization that these were not in the majority. As it has developed, they were distinctly in the minority—in the count to date they have comprised less than one-sixth of the total number of editorials read. I do not mean by this that all the remainder of the editorials championed the cause of John L. Lewis and attacked the Iron and Steel Institute. What happened was that the vast majority of the editorials moved out of the "viewing with alarm" and "deploring" class and discussed the situation in a fair and temperate fashion. This, in itself, was real news. But there were others—to me a surprising number of others—from all sections of the country and representing various shadings of editorial policy, that did rise to the active defense of the right of labor to unionize along any lines it chose, even if this involved the threat of a nationwide strike. Out of the 321 editorials read, there were 36 that took this stand; 47 that "deplored"; and 238 general discussions of the fair and temperate nature already mentioned. The 36 editorials that upheld the right of labor came from 26 newspapers, as against the 47 editorials that "deplored" from 27 newspapers, the "deploring" brethren writing more editorials per paper. It should be pointed out, in passing, that in this count a syndicated editorial such as those appearing in the 22 newspapers of the Scripps-Howard chain is used only once—the one taken from The New York World-Telegram—so that 21 editorials are automatically removed from the list of those in the first group. And before leaving the subject of newspaper chains, it is interesting to note that up to the time of writing the Hearst chain of 23 papers has maintained a complete silence in the matter of syndicated editorials on the unionization drive or any of its ramifications and that no editorial on the subject has appeared in the key paper of the Hearst chain, The New York American.

Editorials defending the right of labor to unionize have appeared in the following newspapers: The New York Post; Schenectady (N. Y.) Union-Star; Jacksonville (Fla.) Journal; Evansville (Ind.) Press; Columbia (S. C.) State; Rutland (Vt.) Herald; Raleigh (N. C.) News and Observer; Pittsburgh Press; Philadelphia Record; New York Daily News; Frederick (Okla.) Leader; Camden (N. J.) Courier; Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal; Brooklyn Citizen; Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch; Madison (Wis.) Times; New York Times; Des Moines (Ia.) Register; (N. Y.) World-Telegram; St. Louis (Mo.) Post-Dispatch; St. Louis (Mo.) Times-Star; Atlantic City (N. J.) Press; Denver (Colo.) News; Newark (N. J.) Call; Baltimore (Md.) Sun; and Great Falls (Mont.) Tribune.

Of course, by inference, all of the editorials in the general-discussion group concede this right or they would be in the "deploring" classification. The newspapers listed above are singled out because they took a positive editorial stand.

The New York Times congratulated Lieutenant-Governor Kennedy of Pennsylvania, a trade unionist, upon his speech at Homestead, in which he assured workers who might be discharged for aiding in the unionization drive that they would be cared for out of state relief funds, and then added:

> . . . In the light of modern thought and a growing social consciousness, the leaders of organized labor have every right to seek a warrant to speak for the workers. There can be no doubt whatever except among those who, denouncing such phrases as "economic royalists," do all they can to legitimize the descriptive.

The following excerpts, chosen with the idea of giving a cross-sectional picture, will give the tone of the editorials mentioned above:

> Opposition to the closed shop and to less drastic forms of unionization will probably appear to have been futile and foolish not very long hence. Evidently steel—and marble—are prepared to die for dear old open shop. It is the belief of many impartial and acute observers that all such fights are losing ones, and that union movements as a whole have a momentum which, for practical, social and economic reasons, cannot and will not be denied.—The Rutland Herald.
>
> If he has done nothing else, Mr. Lewis has made the issue clear, and that is whether the steel workers shall be confirmed in their right to maintain independent organizations for the protection and advancement of their own interests. The steel industry, which is so highly integrated and strongly organized for its own protection, will find it difficult to deny the same right to its employees without placing itself in a bad light before the American public which the industry is anxious to swing to its side of the controversy.—The Baltimore Sun.
>
> What is occurring is, of course, an attempt by labor to use its economic strength to bring about unionization and obtain concessions from employers. Labor's right to do this is undeniable. The public's concern is to see that the laws of the land are maintained with fairness to both sides.—The St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
>
> . . . The reactionary industrialist is the primary creator of the radical worker. . . . There is no safety for any man's rights unless the rights of all are preserved. And the repression of the rights of men is the straightest road to the destruction of the rights of property in Pennsylvania, in North Carolina or anywhere else.—The Raleigh News and Observer.

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> Steel is for unions and against unionization, it seems. . . . Roosevelt, his enemies allege, has lined up the national consciousness along the divisions of class struggle. . . . Illiberal resistance to the modest demands of labor is what more than anything else promotes class struggle.—The Jacksonville Journal.
>
> The struggle which impends between the steel manufacturing companies and their employees may be traced directly to the attitude of the United States Supreme Court in checkmating all efforts on the part of Congress to regulate industry and relations between employers and employees. . . . —The Frederick Leader.
>
> Eventually . . . we believe that large American industry must change its viewpoint on the question of labor's position in industry and accept a principle of unionization to which a considerable portion of business has already agreed.—The Great Falls Tribune.

The New York Daily News addressed a serious warning to the reactionaries:

> . . . It is risky for employers to be too stiff-necked in such times as these. Spain's present unrest is due mostly to the fact that the absentee landlords, owning all the best land in Spain and spending the money in London or Paris, kept on refusing to listen to the complaints of tenants working at 25 cents a day or so. At last the tenants remarked: "No dice," and Spain now seems headed for some kind of communism. The same top-dog stubbornness produced the Russian revolution in 1917, the French revolution in 1789. . . . Not that any workers in the United States, with the possible exception of the Southern sharecroppers, are as miserable as were the peasants of pre-revolutionary Spain, Russia or France. But the analogy is there, and it is a fair analogy. . . . As to who's right in this struggle for economic power—whoever wins will be right. . . .

Perhaps the most ironical angle of this whole editorial discussion is to be found in the wistful references to the Wagner Labor Relations Act, which was fought by the majority of the newspapers from the day of its introduction in Congress and has had each of its judicial setbacks greeted with editorial cheers. This excerpt from The Washington Post is typical:

> There is pressing need for the intervention of a conciliatory board or agency that will focus attention upon the one question that really calls for consideration: that is, whether the workers are free to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing. The National Labor Relations Board . . . would no doubt be able to establish the facts. But in view of the possibility that its powers will be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, the Board is seriously handicapped.

This may give Senator Wagner a grim smile as he sees his hard-fought battle for collective bargaining heading for disaster when the Supreme Court meets in the fall. But he, and all others interested in the progress of labor, may be encouraged by these editorial excerpts from newspapers of general circulation—and by the fact that these are typical of many other editorials.

EVELYN MILLER CROWELL.

Washington Notes

Will the Lower-Middle Class Decide the Campaign?—Democratic and Republican Strategy —Dr. Townsend's New Rival

AS NEARLY as I can learn, the heavy thinkers of both Republican and Democratic camps feel that the presidential election will be decided by the lower-middle class, a group whose voting strength is often overlooked. There are normally about 14,000,000 persons employed in trade and professional service, nearly as many as in industry, and half again as many as in agriculture. If Mr. Landon can win this group, he may conceivably squeak through to victory. If Mr. Roosevelt can win it, the election will drop effortlessly in his lap.

Apparently the experts of both parties agree that nothing much can be done about such groups as the unemployed, organized labor and the farmers. It is taken for granted that a majority of the unemployed, and of the organized workers, will vote for Mr. Roosevelt, whatever happens. He does not need to make further promises to win their support, while any promises that Mr. Landon might make would be so much wasted breath. As for the farmers, both parties have already promised almost everything that can be promised, as long as agriculture remains on an individualistic, profit-making basis.

There is great danger that the present plan of Republicans and Democrats to woo the lower-middle class will lead to a shelving of the real issues before the country—those concerned with social and economic planning. Already, I am told, the Republican strategists have selected the high cost of living and high taxes as the two chief subjects for Mr. Landon to talk about. The high-cost-of-living issue is aimed at the white-collar voter of the cities; high taxes at his brother in rural areas. Miss Natalie Couch, director of the Eastern women's division of the Republican Party, has announced a "market-basket campaign" to exploit the high-cost-of-living issue. Women party workers are to be sent from door to door with a market basket on either arm. One basket will be heaped with groceries, representing purchasing power in March, 1933; the other, partly empty, will show purchasing power now. It is an effective stunt, but unrelated to plans for a new and better order of society.

I am also told that the Republicans are counting heavily on the more than 500,000 owners of holding-company securities. It has apparently become a fixed belief among these unfortunates that, with the election of Landon, all utility stocks will jump from five to ten points. The desperate anger that they once had against customers' men and Wall Street, which was visited upon Mr. Hoover in 1932, now seems to be turned against Mr. Roosevelt. Sample investigations by politicians are said to show that, ever since the death-sentence law of a year ago, many small security owners have come to regard Mr. Roosevelt as a personal enemy. There is evidence that this group is chiefly responsible for the new and shocking whispering campaign against Mr. Roosevelt, about which Mr. Farley mournfully complained last week. This animosity, if it actually exists, may be helpful to the Republicans, but it will hardly solve any important national question.

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According to report, Mr. Roosevelt would like to campaign on the broad issue of economic royalism and industrial control, after the fashion of his Philadelphia acceptance speech. His advisers, however, protest that this is an issue appealing primarily to organized labor, which is already committed to the Democratic side. They are demanding that Mr. Roosevelt now go after the white-collar voter and his wife. At present, Mr. Roosevelt is greatly interested in the Scandinavian coöperative movement, and consumers' coöperatives would make an excellent offset to the Republicans' high-cost-of-living issue, except for the unfortunate fact that it would scare corner storekeepers half out of their wits. The President's interest in coöperatives, therefore, will be stressed in states like Minnesota and North Dakota, where the coöperative movement is firmly established, but nowhere else.

Apparently the chief Democratic offensive into middle-class territory is to be made by Dr. Stanley High, the former preacher and newspaper correspondent who has lately climbed into the inner group of Roosevelt advisers. Among other schemes, Dr. High is reported to be considering the formation of a league of voters with bank accounts guaranteed by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. The members would go about among their neighbors recalling the bank disasters under Messrs. Hoover and Mellon, and ought to be able to stir up a gratifying amount of anti-Republican feeling. Nevertheless, as in the case of the projected Republican issues, the insurance of small checking accounts is not precisely a basic problem.

In the opinion of neutral experts here, the preliminary polls of the American Institute of Public Opinion and The Farm Journal chiefly emphasize the critical place that New York holds in the campaign. Both polls show that, without New York's forty-five electoral votes, Mr. Landon probably cannot win at all, and Mr. Roosevelt only by the narrowest margin. Moreover, as Mr. Roosevelt's home state, New York also has great psychological significance. If it could be reasonably demonstrated that he was likely to lose it, the news would dishearten Democratic workers everywhere and cause big business to redouble its contributions to Mr. Landon.

The importance of winning New York helps explain why Labor's Non-Partisan Committee has taken the drastic step of setting up a separate New York organization in direct competition with the Socialist and Communist tickets. The sponsors of Labor's Non-Partisan Committee claim that they will be able to swing from 75,000 to 100,000 third-party votes to Mr. Roosevelt. No informed estimates that I have seen give New York to Mr. Roosevelt by more than a small plurality, and it may easily turn out that these third-party votes will carry the state for Mr. Roosevelt, and with it the national election.

Of the odd fish thrown up by the campaign, this department's present favorite is Mr. John C. Stevenson, candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor in the state of Washington. Before his rocketlike rise in politics, Mr. Stevenson was regional manager for the Painless Parker dental establishments. and was accounted a genius at selling bridgework and plates to the toothless. He had a fifteen-minute radio period, and between bits of advice on pyorrhea, gave helpful hints on government. The radical Washington Senators, Messrs. Bone and Schwellenbach, he regarded as rank Tories, and Representative Zioncheck as belonging to the horse-and-buggy era. Recently the voters of Seattle joyfully elected him to a county office. Feeling himself menaced by the Townsend movement, Mr. Stevenson proposed an immediate state-pension scheme which, while not equaling Dr. Townsend's $200 a month, offers the old folks two or three times as much as is now given by any other state. In the form of an initiative, Mr. Stevenson's plan will be voted on in November, and apparently is quite likely to carry him into the governorship. Mr. Stevenson is a wartime aviator, and is now campaigning by airplane.

This department wishes to give solemn warning to the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, the inventor of the Townsend movement's new name, the Townsend Recovery Plan. One more curlicue on the T.R.P.'s final initial, and we sue.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Mr. Javits' Panacea for Our Economic Ills—Self-Rule in Industry by Trade Associations—Autocracy, Not Democracy

MR. BENJAMIN A. JAVITS has written a book with the suggestive title of "The Commonwealth of Industry" (Harper and Brothers, $3). Mr. Javits has, upon another occasion and in another volume, played with that alluring topic of "Riches for Everybody," a subject that captured the imagination first of the eminent Doctor Hoover and later of the no less eminent Huey P. Long.

Now Mr. Javits has a plan for curing America of her economic ills. It is based upon the theory made popular recently by Messrs. Roosevelt and Johnson, that our troubles spring chiefly from the abuses of competition and that all would be well if business men could get together and regulate prices, trade practices, production. Mr. Javits adopts the naïve doctrine that we would flourish as the green bay tree if industrialists could get together to prevent any of them from suffering loss.

It might surprise Mr. Javits to learn that a great many men who have explored the mysteries of capitalist economics far more thoroughly than he believe that the capitalist system, in which so many suffer losses, could not operate at all if a good many entrepreneurs did not operate at a loss.

Aside from all this, the capitalist system, in spite of the disorders for which it is famed, does move along under the influence of pretty well defined laws. And it is precisely these laws that Mr. Javits apparently has ignored completely as he sets about fabricating a device for controlling the system. There is no time here to discuss the details. But it is a fair judgment that the surest and quickest way to bring the capitalist system to a violent and disastrous end would be to set up his Commonwealth of Industry. It would not, of course, be the first time that the remedy of a doctor to cure a patient put that patient into the grave. I think it is fair to assume that you cannot begin to plan for the workings of a system until you have examined completely the system itself, how it works, what makes it go,

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what accelerates or retards it, how it is slowed down by internal or external forces, what makes it stop and what makes it move forward again. All these things Mr. Javits gayly passes over and proceeds with assurance to the remedy. It is not a new one. It has been in the churning for more than sixty-five years.

Mr. Javits' plan begins with the false assumption that industry and the state ought to be separated. Industry, of course, is nothing more than citizens of the state engaged in the business of producing and distributing goods. Mr. Javits assumes that when they are working at their trades and consuming their own and other people's products they are in some way less citizens than when they are otherwise engaged; that they are, in fact, citizens of some other sort of commonwealth and that this commonwealth is a thing apart from some other kind of commonwealth which is the peculiar and proper sphere of the state.

It is this industrial commonwealth that Mr. Javits wants to organize into a separate government. It is, of course, the old pet of the Chamber of Commerce and of Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Roosevelt in the N.R.A.—self-rule in industry. And it is perhaps the most dangerous idea that has inserted itself into a democratic society in our history.

Mr. Javits' idea is that a group of business men could unite in a trade association and make rules and regulations for the trade. They would in fact produce a code. The code would be what they have always been, statutes, systems of laws governing that economic sector in which the trade operates.

Under the N.R.A. the code was submitted to the administrative unit of the N.R.A. Under Mr. Javits' scheme it would be submitted to a federal court. The trade association, having legislated for its province, would fix a future date when its laws would become operative. Then it would apply to a federal court for a declaratory judgment under the new declaratory-judgment law. That is, the court could consider, without an actual ordinary lawsuit, whether or not the code is in the public interest. Mr. Javits adopts the doctrine that trade agreements, even price-fixing, which are in the public interest are not a violation of the anti-trust laws. The court having held the code in the public interest, it would become the law of the trade.

This proposal might seem grotesque were it not for the fact that this very thing was attempted successfully under Coolidge and over forty codes were formulated by federal courts through a somewhat different legal process.

Mr. Javits would organize this whole idea. He would set up a National Economic Council made up of twelve industrialists elected by various trade associations or groups which would manage and direct this new commonwealth. The seriousness of the book lies in the fact that some such thing as this may actually come to pass and when it does it means, of course, the end of democracy in America. For it apparently escapes Mr. Javits' attention that when a group of steel men get together to legislate for the steel industry, they are making laws that govern not only the few gentlemen who make those laws, but their workers, their customers, their prospective rivals as well as the economic security and welfare of the whole society. What Mr. Javits offers is a first step. Try to visualize the final development of such an experiment.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

They, the People

THE FILM "Anthony Adverse" being on the edge of release to an impatient public, there are facts that might be of interest. For example, the trouble they must have had making it: the picture is a historical-dramatical-spectacular-swashbucular, which means all the business of movie rights and treatments and stars and costumes, headaches for the research department and the devil to pay for special-effects and set-building help. And the final print makes the course in two hours, nineteen minutes. (It seems strangely like more. In the heat wave it seems like the Seven Lean Years in person.) Then there is the matter of the film as entertainment.

"Anthony Adverse" is just about at the center of that low-pressure area reserved to big pictures from long books. No life, no flow of story. It tries to dramatize as many of the book's episodes as possible; but in the dramatizing there is shown no relish or conviction. Only a retentive memory for all the old clothes of show business: the gauze shots of lovers' meetings, signals and sweet partings in the bazoom of nature; saint-days in Italy and the very droll Italians (including Luis Alberni), the court of France, the pitching of villains over the cliff, the quaint steeple bells, the babe in the casket, the house of this-a, the honor of that-a. All exhumed, held up to sight, and (as part of the job) put brusquely back in mothballs almost before the cameras have stopped rolling—for all the world as though the simple holding aloft of such relics were enough by itself. With characters like printed signs (FAITHFUL RETAINER, SCHEMING STEPMOTHER, SIMPLE PRIEST), and printed signs and titles all over the place to illuminate the "action," it isn't, as I may have suggested, much of a picture. There is a nice fresh bit in the Cuban sequence, where Akim Tamiroff carries his stock part with an air, bringing everything to life with a few good lines well driven down. Otherwise it is so stagey, skimpy in care, invention, plausibility that you wonder why anyone should want to make it.

You wonder, that is, right up to the point where it suddenly becomes clear that just this empty razzle-dazzle is what is needed. What "Anthony Adverse" may be considered from this or that impeccable point of view falls rather sharply away before the thought of how it is going down with the people of the nation, and what meanings there are to read from this. People *want* to see the funny Italian mans, the darkness of Africa, youth triumphant and love in bloom, titled bitchery, ups, downs, swords in a tavern, ride Harry ride and the damsel is mine sirrah. It doesn't matter whether these things are worked into the best movie in the world or into what we have here. The producers here aren't onto their jobs by half; but they know their public, they know that better than most of the wise heads who will tell us just what a public *ought* to want.

There is too much talk about what we are going to do about public taste, and how we could improve it if the movies wouldn't debase it. Public taste is simply there, like an appetite for pie, and doesn't really change after all. And at times one gets a glimpse of it like the moon through clouds, riding along as remote, fixed and unimpugnable as that, neither to be scandalized nor boasted about and certainly not to be claimed as a special pet and puppy by any

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of the ideologies in any of the major leagues. Showmen, who have to live by it rather than by talking about it, know what it looks like: the people either come or they stay away.

People want a little laugh, a little strangeness, and are quite partial to the idea of riding down the Native Tribes fiercely by day and, of an evening, conversing airily with desirable members of both sexes in select plush atmospheres they personally will never live to breathe; they want their hearts in their throats, tears in their eyes, to be excited, dazzled, flattered, full of power by proxy and abandoning themselves to the great love that has either gone out of their lives or never was there. Boy meets girl—did anybody think that was only a gag? And in this popular desire for a good lift easily bought there is not much finicky choosing: if a thing is there, it is there; and so long as its clothes have the cut of the day's fashion the subject is closed.

So we can go on talking about deep art and high drama. Meanwhile "Anthony Adverse" goes out to the public displaying certain sure-fire elements in their crudest form; and one look ought to convince anyone that given the necessary shifts in scene, angle, time, he could repeat them for people and make a success of it till doomsday. And if it is lousy art and an insult to the masses, who says so or thinks so but a few handfuls of us, standing around and shouting this or that, forgiving ourselves today the mistakes we made yesterday and pretending to find in these shifts from one hot spot to another the motion of change in the public taste itself? The boy met the girl and the girl met the boy right back, and whether we like this or not we can hardly legislate, to call it right or wrong, because 100,000,000 Americans can't very well be either.

There's no doubt the people will go for fine things. But their immutable demands must be understood and met first; the thing must be put over on them, and that is the job, the true test of good faith and skill—that, not empty words. Look at the case of the Resettlement Administration's film about the Great Dustbowl, "The Plow That Broke the Plains." It was a grand subject and the treatment had good ideas and scattered brilliance. But the film was definitely ticketed for the experimental-amateur audience, which is numerically lean pickings. Yet when the big distributors turned it down there were charges and yelling: the people were denied something which was good for them and for which, what is more, they were crying out. But were they? Was the picture really *made* as their oyster? Those who exhibit to the people saw at once it had no exploitation angle, to pull them in off the sidewalks; it had no real punch once you'd got them in by other means; and it was a three-reeler, *i.e.*, of a length that is the showman's bane. Nevertheless Arthur Mayer (an independent exhibitor—which means he can show what he chooses but must choose what the chains don't want) sneaked the film into his New York Rialto Theatre program, to catch the audience reaction anyway—and rejected it when his audience went to sleep. Then some critic came out saying the film wasn't shown because no one *dared*. So Mr. Mayer, still short of product and liking a bit of a fight on principle, got "The Plow" back and bolstered it up with the ready-made ballyhoo ("See the picture no one DARED show"). He got a small audience of the curious, had a little fun losing a little money, and detected no sinister pressure, before, during or after. Subsequently the film (which had been available right along) was booked by at least two small New York exhibitors who worked the "no-one-dared" angle (plus a certain snob-appeal) for what could be got out of it.

The point is that whether or not there are ogres abroad in the land, this film could never be the test case of it, not having what it takes. And we might put a little time into studying why not and how to correct this—if in fuming about the popular good we are indeed sincere at all. If not, we can I suppose go right on proving irrefutably how the public still cries piteously for the bread of beauty and truth, and is tossed instead a million-dollar Hollywood bone.

OTIS FERGUSON.

The Bandwagon

Rockford, Ill., July 12. A.P.—Colonel Frank Knox, Republican vice-presidential nominee, dedicated the expanded facilities of Radio Station WROK tonight with a plea for continued freedom of speech, press and radio and a warning against using radio "to spread wrong ideas and encourage wrong policies."—*News item in The New York Times.*

Since a strike is regarded as high treason and would be treated accordingly, and "salary increases now are impossible," according to Robert Ley, leader of the organization, the labor front has turned its efforts toward "beautifying life" for its members.—*Berlin dispatch in The Chicago Tribune.*

If we did not have the poor with us, we'd have to manufacture them for the good of society, because helping the needy provides a means of spiritual education.—*Hiden Ramsey, general manager of The Asheville (N. C.) Citizen-Times, quoted in an Associated Press dispatch.*

IT'S TOO SOON TO TELL

If war came, our bombing operations could be carried on in countries across the Atlantic or the Pacific. We should not want to do any bombing in America.—*Arthur Brisbane, in his syndicated column.*

THE GAMUT FROM A TO G

Music is Joan's newest discovery. "Aïda" is, today, her favorite opera. But mark my word, next year it will be "Goetterdaemmerung." That's the way she progresses, advances, grows.—*From an article about Joan Crawford in Screen Guide.*

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FRENCHMEN?

For a long time wars were caused by religion. More recently wars have been caused by politics. Our French and Indian wars were caused by efforts to rid this country of Indians.—*Major General Johnson Hagood in Liberty.*

ADD DEFINITIONS OF COMMUNISM: (No. 5)

Communism means government by the DISORDERLY ELEMENTS of the community.—*Editorial in The Washington Herald, a Hearst newspaper.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Richmond Times-Dispatch

SIR: May I have a brief space in your columns to comment on one item in Evelyn Miller Crowell's article, "Who Wants a Constitutional Amendment?" in The New Republic of July 15?

Mrs. Crowell performed a useful service in making this analysis of editorial opinion favorable to a constitutional amendment and her conclusions are encouraging to those who hold that government must have power to regulate minimum wages, maximum hours and other working conditions.

It so happens that last winter I had occasion to be grateful many times for the liberal editorial policy of The Times-Dispatch of Richmond, Virginia, which Mrs. Crowell excludes from the ranks of "liberal or even semi-liberal newspapers" and consigns to the conservatives.

Working for two months in Richmond in behalf of labor bills before the legislature, I found The Times-Dispatch an unfailing advocate of various progressive measures. I was delighted by the number and character of its editorials supporting labor bills and unemployment compensation, all of which were being roundly denounced by the Virginia Manufacturers' Association and bitterly opposed by industrialists.

During this period The Times-Dispatch carried liberal editorials on collective bargaining, on the need of union organization in the South, on civil liberties, international affairs, race relations, politics, left-wing minorities and a score of other subjects. This paper has a distinctly wholesome influence in Virginia and the South and I do not think it fair to class it as conservative.

New York City. LUCY R. MASON.

SIR: The protest to me of Mr. Virginius Dabney, chief editorial writer of The Richmond Times-Dispatch, at having his paper called "conservative" is the most encouraging news that has come to me out of an editorial office for a long time. The protests to me and to the editor of The New Republic of his friends and supporters are equally encouraging. That the chief editorial writer of a newspaper which is traditionally conservative, a newspaper published in a city and a state traditionally conservative, should want to be known as a liberal rather than a conservative is cause for nothing but rejoicing on my part. If I have erred in judgment in classing his newspaper's policy as conservative I am sorry for my error, but more than happy to welcome a new member to the liberal newspaper fold, which is still all too small.

Washington, D. C. EVELYN MILLER CROWELL.

Social Security Taxes

SIR: May I correct a factual error in your "Balance Sheet of the New Deal" issued June 10, 1936? In discussing social security, you speak of a federal excise tax "ultimately six percent of payroll." This tax never rises above three percent of payrolls. See Title IX of the Act.

LOUIS RESNICK,
Bureau of Informational Service,
Washington, D. C. Social Security Board.

[It is true that the unemployment-insurance tax on employers never rises above three percent of payroll. The old-age-insurance tax rises to three percent on payroll and three percent on the individual's wages, making six percent in all. Of thirteen states that have passed unemployment-insurance laws, six have required payments by workers which rise to one percent, and one state, Rhode Island, has made this payment ultimately 1.5 percent. The final total payments required from both employer and employee together are 3.7 percent in Alabama, California, Indiana and Massachusetts, 4 percent in New Hampshire and Washington, and 4.2 percent in Rhode Island.—THE EDITORS.]

A Memorial to "A.E."

SIR: The very representative committee in Ireland formed to establish a memorial to "A. E.," have suggested to me that his American friends would be disappointed if they were not invited to contribute to such memorial some token of their affection and veneration for this deep-natured, many-sided and bountiful man—poet, painter and philosopher. What form it may take will not be decided by the Dublin committee until November, when the fund will be closed. Meanwhile, I am glad to be able to make it known that Mr. George Brett Jr. at the Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will act as treasurer for such contributions to the memorial as A. E.'s American friends will want to make.

New York City. PADRAIC COLUM.

Women as Bosses

SIR: M. R., who does not sign his name in writing of women as "bosses" in your issue of July 12, generalizes in a way that reminds me of a statement on the characteristics of Indians in the United States. Said the generalizer:

"All Indians walk single-file."
"How do you know?" asked his friend.
"The Indian I saw did."

In the course of his two years as a relief worker, M. R. can scarcely have had more than half a dozen bosses to whom he was directly responsible. Six women leaders of one relief agency in one city are taken as representative of more than 10,000,000 women in 48 states.

Men social workers who got some of their most valuable experience and training under Jane Addams at Hull House, Chicago, would tell a story quite different from M. R.'s. So would men statisticians who worked under Julia Lathrop in the United States Children's Bureau, Washington. So would men physicians who have been instructors under Dr. Alice Hamilton in the Department of Industrial Medicine at Harvard Medical School, Boston. So also would men professors at Bryn Mawr College, where they work under President Marian Park. And many other men in lines of work where women are beginning to step out in positions of leadership.

One is tempted to wonder what was the report of the social workers with whom he was associated on M. R. as a co-worker? Did he do his job well? Did he deliver the goods? Or was he so occupied in trying to feel superior to the women that he lay down on the job?

New York City. GRACE HUTCHINS.

SIR: We sympathize with M. R.'s letter in The New Republic about women bosses, for we, too, have worked for bosses who were thoroughly difficult. We have worked under men who had no sense of humor, were dogmatic and were unconscious homosexuals, duplicating M. R.'s experience with women bosses. Undoubtedly the place of both men and women with these qualities is in the home.

Bryn Mawr, Pa. C. M. A.

Racial Equality in Indiana

SIR: The shocked surprise with which The New Republic greets a proposed amendment to the Indiana Constitution that would compel "all able-bodied male persons, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years," to become members of the state militia is really somewhat tardy: the Constitution of Indiana has long contained a clause of this kind, relating, however, only to *white* able-bodied males, etc. The purpose of the presently proposed amendment is the laudable one of expunging racial discrimination.

Let no one henceforward find a lack of racial equality on the banks of the Wabash. And let no one find in this part of the Indiana Constitution a fascist tendency; the clause was there before

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Hitler, and, God willing, will be there after him. The barbarous denizens of Ohio, the benighted Illinoisans, the savage tribes of Kentucky shall, when they invade, find no Hoosier unprepared. The juvenile, the halt, the maimed and the senile only among our manhood will not be in the militia, and the militia will be waiting to repulse the foe.

Indianapolis, Ind. J. H. FRIEND.

Credit to Calverton

SIR: Newton Arvin's review of Granville Hicks's revised edition of "The Great Tradition" seems to imply that Mr. Hicks is the pioneer in Marxian criticism in this country. That as such it "is not easy to say mathematically how much proletarian writing owes" this book.

In all justice to a man whom, by the way, I hardly know personally, may I say that real pioneering in Marxian criticism in the United States was done by V. F. Calverton. Nor am I referring to his excellent book "The Liberation of American Literature," published before Hicks's book. I am referring to Calverton's "The New Spirit," which I believe was his first book. It appeared so long ago that "memory runneth not to the contrary." I remember reviewing it in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch. In those days it was like talking Sanskrit to refer to Marxian criticism of literature. The *nouveaux* Marxists had not yet appeared in the respectable pages of "slick magazines." In fact it was far from respectable and not entirely job-safe to show sympathy for Marxism.

May I suggest that, whether certain writers who have a writing acquaintance with Marx (I mean Karl and not the better known Marxes of the movies) will admit it or not, they owe a great debt to Mr. Calverton. He may not be in particularly good odor with certain Communist pundits, but the truth is that Calverton sired Marxian criticism in this country in days when there was neither glamor nor glory in being a Marxist.

Harmon on Hudson, N. Y. OSCAR LEONARD.

The American Language

SIR: We are Americans, so why not open up a new page in history by starting a campaign on our own language. We speak the American language. This will answer all critics who say that Americans do not speak good English.

Toronto, Can. W. THOMPSON.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Samuel Schmerler, the recording secretary of a special committee of Lodge 21, American Federation of Government Employees, sends us a copy of a brief filed with the Attorney General of the United States charging that eight members of the union have been forced to resign from the technical section of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in an attempt to break up or weaken their organization.

Haven Perkins, an organizer of Federal Union 20192, A.F. of L., writes us that men working on the dam being built by the government at Fort Peck, Montana, are compelled to live in government barracks under very bad conditions, and that their attempts to hold protest meetings and picket lines are met with intimidation from police hired by the government.

Rebecca Childs writes to solicit our support for the candidacies of Leo Gallagher, for judge of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, and Grover Johnson, for district attorney of Los Angeles. Both men have long histories as defenders of militant workers and exploited minorities.

Simon Slavin, chairman of the City College Chapter of the American Student Union, writes us opposing, as an attack on free higher public education, the suggestion of the Citizens' Budget Commission, Inc., that students at the three city colleges be charged $75 a year tuition. He remarks that about one-seventh of the student body at City College receives financial aid from the National Youth Administration, and that the number of applicants is three and one-half times this number.

George H. Shoaf makes an appeal for funds on behalf of Parley P. Christensen, former Farmer-Labor Party candidate for President and now a member of the Los Angeles City Council, who is running against Congressman Charles Kramer, sponsor of the Kramer Sedition Bill, in the Thirteenth California Congressional District. Mr. Christensen lacks sufficient funds to carry on the campaign. Supporters should address him direct, at Suite M-34-5, City Hall, Los Angeles, California.

C. S. Johnson writes from Jacksonville, Florida, to add his comment on Dayton D. McKean's recent article in our pages on chain-store taxes. He is opposed to chains, on the ground that they "enrich a few but reduce the purchasing power of the many" by driving down wages. . . . Andrew Remes, state secretary of the Communist Party of Indiana, writes us a letter, similar to that by Mr. Friend in this issue, about the proposed compulsory-military-service amendment to the Indiana Constitution. Although he strongly recommends another amendment making service in the militia voluntary, he is in favor of this one.

L. Beidel, secretary of the Chicago Committee of the Workers' Rights League, sends an appeal for protests, to Governor Horner of Illinois, against the extradition of Sam Bennett, a fifty-five-year-old Negro sharecropper who fled from Arkansas during the recent strike and is now wanted for "intent to kill."

C. I. Stewart writes us from Princeton, New Jersey, that he has learned that the American League Against War and Fascism lacks sufficient funds to send its two delegates to the World Youth Congress at Geneva, Switzerland, beginning August 31. Readers who can contribute are urged to send checks payable to the League and addressed to it at 45 East Seventeenth Street, New York City, marked for the attention of Miss Rina Burton.

H. Teichlauf appeals on behalf of the Strike Committee which conducted the recent seamen's strike in New York City for contributions from our readers of books or magazines that will help the seamen "to a better and clearer understanding of the part labor must play in the coming struggle between the forces of reaction and those striving to abolish poverty and unemployment and to establish an economy of peace and abundance." The Strike Committee intends to set up a library, but owing to the fact that the union funds are not in their control they must rely on contributions, which should be sent to Miss Sarah Smith, 589 East Twenty-second Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Carl D. Thompson, director of the Public Ownership League of America, Room 1439, 127 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, sends us an appeal for funds to make possible the distribution by the League of literature to six thousand high-school and college debate teams who will discuss this fall and winter the question: "Resolved, that all electrical utilities should be governmentally owned and operated." He points out that the power companies have ample funds to distribute literature on their side of the question. The League intends, if it can raise $1,000, to print a special Debate Number of its magazine.

Robert Whitcomb, Iona Island, New York, is preparing a popular work on the American coöperative movement and writes us to ask that anyone having material, such as annual reports, pamphlets, descriptions of leaders and the like, of early ventures of this sort communicate with him.

Frieda Ludwig, secretary of the Anti-War Parade Committee, American League Against War and Fascism, Room 411, 45 East Seventeenth Street, New York City, sends us a call for assistance needed by this committee to arrange for their parade on August 15. The parade will march through the Yorkville section of New York and is expected to have the coöperation of many foreign-language groups in that vicinity.

What's on the Air?

Chancellor Adolph Hitler officially opens the Olympic Games at Berlin, Saturday, August 1, beginning at 11:45 A.M., N.B.C.-WJZ, and at 12 Noon, C.B.S.

A. D. Stedman, of the A.A.A., speaks on "The Progress of Agriculture Conservation," and Roy F. Hendrickson, of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, on "Farm Business Facts." Tuesday, August 4, 1:30 to 2:30 P.M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Mrs. Helen Duey Hoffman, special representative of the Federal Home Loan Board, speaks on "Education for Living Through Better Housing." Friday, August 7, 2:45 to 3 P.M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Madame Patricia Bennett Dimitriu, wife of the Councillor of the Rumanian Legation, talks on "Rumania." Friday, August 14, 2:45 to 3 P.M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Death of a Value

PROFESSOR Beach has accomplished an important task, not only with workmanlike precision, but also with an amplitude of illustration and reference, a clearness of exposition and a brilliancy of style that make his book[1] one of the most satisfactory contributions to the growing scholarly literature dealing with the nineteenth century. He has taken the concept of nature, the principle underlying the phenomena of the external world and uniting them in a harmonious and purposive frame of creation, and traced it from Wordsworth, who inherited it from eighteenth-century metaphysics, to the contemporary poets who have abandoned it altogether under the impact of science. "Slow and reluctant was the long descent." The study has the fascination of those individual tragedies of declining faith which make such moving episodes in personal histories of the century. "It presents the picture of a brave and massive effort of the human spirit, doomed to failure in the end. It takes on the aspect of a heroic tragedy, of which the protagonist is the poetic concept of nature, shown in triumph and then defeat."

For Wordsworth the "wisdom and spirit of the universe" was an active principle, working by delegation from divine intelligence, sometimes an emanation of that intelligence itself. "Wordsworth is, of all English poets, the one who gave the most impressive and the most emotionally satisfying account of man's relation to universal nature." This happy conclusion Mr. Beach finds as the result of an equilibrium between naturalism and intuitionalism, between science and religion. For Shelley, naturalism "lived on most uneasy terms with Platonism." With Coleridge and Carlyle German idealism came to reënforce the transcendental concept of nature as the divine idea; and Emerson emphasized "the oneness of man with the divine process of the world."

A large element in that faith in nature which "never did betray the heart that loved her" was the belief that the human mind was precisely formed to comprehend it, that there was "a happy match between the mind of man and the nature of things" which made the approach to nature through man a function of religion. When science reversed the process and recognized man himself as a natural object, to be approached through nature, the correspondence hitherto taken for granted between the natural and the moral worlds ceased to exist, and doubts arose in regard to the benevolence of nature toward man. Tennyson found nature "red in tooth and claw," and Matthew Arnold saw that "man must begin where nature ends." Swinburne and Meredith, of the first generation of evolutionists, took a robust pleasure in seeing themselves as children of the earth, the mother, but Hardy saw nature as indifferent or hostile to man, whose consciousness serves only to reveal to him that if the cosmic process has a meaning it is one to which he has no comprehensible relation. The fear which haunted the nineteenth century, that man would find himself "orphaned and defrauded," has thus come true. He is homeless in the universe.

An interesting chapter of Mr. Beach's book is that in which he discusses contemporary poetry, in which nature as a concept has virtually disappeared. With the loss of its philosophic meaning, nature in its phenomenal aspect is impoverished as a poetic value. "The very beauties of nature are much less interesting to contemporary poets than to the Romantics and Victorians," because these beauties are no longer symbols of "the great benevolent order of things in which every individual is provided for in the harmonious plan of the whole."

There is no doubt that nature constituted the chief value in the imaginative literature of the nineteenth century. Although as a metaphysical concept it took form in the philosophy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it came to flower in the genial warmth of romanticism. It became the characteristic material of poetry, and an element of increasing importance in fiction. Its fading out is, therefore, a phenomenon of significance not only in literature but in the life of the race, for as Mr. Krutch has noted: "Every time a value is born, existence takes on a new meaning; every time one dies, some part of that meaning passes away."

Nature is not the only poetic value that has been attenuated or dissolved by the enlightenment. Romantic love, as Mr. Krutch has pointed out, was defended by the restrictions and tabus of the Victorians, to be hallowed by sacrament and made the justification of life in the sacred institution of the family and home, or in the no less sacred cult of renunciation. Today it has been reduced by science to a biological process without transcendental implication, and its consummation is too common in life to be the *terminus ad quem* of fiction. Beside the mystery of romantic love for the Victorians stood that of death. One has only to recall the number of deathbed scenes wrought by the Victorian masters to realize the emotional value they attached to it. Death like love was of transcendental importance; it also was hallowed by sacrament; it held the dignity of tragedy; it marked the greatness of both God and man, and the bearing of the individual in its presence determined his fate in eternity. Again under the impact of science an imposing literary edifice has crumbled. Doubtless the wholesale invocation of death in the War has accelerated this process. And war itself is an instance of the decline of a value in literature as old as the epic. In the nineteenth century war was a source of emotional appeal through national patriotism, individual glory and the spirit of adventure. The notable literature of the World War in all countries has been one of disillusionment. War has lost its meaning as a result of our analyzing its causes and results, and has lost its glamor through its decline from chivalry to industry. Its uniforms and titles of distinction have been degraded by being bestowed on everyone. It is difficult to conceive of war recovering its old status as a literary value.

In the face of these losses in the values of imaginative literature, of which the most serious is described in the present volume, the question arises in regard to replacements. One Mr. Beach notes is the sense of social solidarity, "the solidarity of a classless race," first as a religious ideal, "as a means of relieving man's intolerable burden of loneliness," and second as a way of life suggesting new patterns of conduct and ethical achievement. The poets who have given up nature find their solace not in "the realization of their oneness with the universal process," but in "the realization of their oneness with the herd of men."

[1] The Concept of Nature in Nineteenth Century English Poetry, by Joseph Warren Beach. New York: The Macmillan Company. 618 pages. $5.

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Among the values of the romantic movement was loyalty in the feudal sense, the devotion of the clansman to his chief celebrated by Walter Scott. This loyalty was dissolved by industry. To Ruskin it was a matter of surprise that men associated for purposes of violence and plunder will unhesitatingly give their lives for their leader, while men associated for the peaceful production of needed goods are more likely to kill their boss than to die for him. There gradually emerged in the course of the nineteenth century the loyalty of comrades within a class, and even a certain *noblesse oblige* of which Tolstoy, Ruskin and Morris furnish conspicuous examples. The concept of class loyalty giving way to loyalty to the race in a classless society is the revolutionary hope today of the statesman and social scientist. That this concept is capable of the imaginative extension and emotional intensity which commend it to the uses of literature is the heartening testimony of a critic whose present book amply attests his authority and integrity.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Our Ruling Oligarchs

Rulers of America: A Study of Finance Capital, by Anna Rochester. New York: International Publishers. 367 pages. $3.50.

IT WAS Karl Marx who fastened the term "capitalism" upon the modern economic system. It was the Marxists who introduced the term "finance capital" to describe the newest stage of capitalism; and it is they, especially Lenin, who have made the classic analysis of the imperialism that is the accompaniment of finance capital.

Finance, or monopoly, capitalism was preceded by two other stages. The first was the stage of commercial capitalism, during which the fundamental relations of the new system were being established and big merchants dominated scattered, small-scale industry. The next stage was industrial capitalism; ushered in by the technological revolution of the eighteenth century, it was marked by free competition and the upswing of capitalism and was dominated by industrialists engaged directly in production. Industrial capitalism moved steadily toward enlargement of the scale of production, toward concentration (replacing economic individualism with collectivism), out of which arises trustification and monopoly—the basis of finance, or monopoly, capitalism. Industry is dominated by a financial oligarchy separated from production. While in this, the final stage of capitalism, the fundamental relations of capitalist production are not changed, they are twisted awry and all their contradictions aggravated; absolute limitations are now imposed upon the productive forces and economic decline and decay replace, by and large, the progress formerly characteristic of capitalism. Underlying those retrogressive forces, however, is the objective thrust of economic collectivism toward the new social order of socialism.

The major portion of "Rulers of America" is a very workmanlike and interesting study of those aspects of finance capital which involve concentration and financial control of industry. It brings together a mass of factual material, much of it formerly scattered in many different sources. The compact studies of the Morgan, Rockefeller, Mellon and du Pont empires are made within the framework of the larger problem of concentration and financial control, whose manifestations are then traced in one important industry after another and in their far-flung foreign entanglements. Factual material on industrial concentration is paralleled by similar material on banking concentration. The means by which finance capital and monopoly impose their dictatorship upon industry are studied in revealing detail, particularly in the relations of corporate industry and the banks to one another and to the financial oligarchy that dominates both. The material on the banking and other financial relations of our giant monopoly corporations is the most original and important feature of the book. Fact upon fact is piled up to drive home the argument of finance capital's domination of economic life. It is precisely the banking and other financial material that one misses in Harry W. Laidler's "The Concentration of Control in American Industry," although Laidler's study is stronger on the side of industrial concentration; the two books supplement one another and are indispensable sources of information on concentration and financial control.

But "Rulers of America" claims to be more than a study of the facts of concentration and financial control. It claims to make "a study of finance capital" and to "illustrate for this country the basic argument presented by Lenin in his 'Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism.'" Nothing of the sort is done by "Rulers of America," except partly in the spheres of concentration and financial control. Miss Rochester devotes several chapters to the larger aspects of the subject, but the presentation is theoretically schematic, wholly superficial and often wrong. There is relatively too much emphasis on the statistical facts of control and not enough on the dynamics of underlying economic relations. The sketch of the historical development of finance capital is seriously defective, and it is incompletely, and sometimes wrongly, related to the Marxist theory of the capitalist law of motion. How that law of motion is affected by finance capital is not discussed. There is no real study or understanding of the changing character of the banks, of the role that commercial banks play in the supply of investment capital, and of the newer methods of banking concentration and centralization. Miss Rochester dutifully follows Lenin in observing that monopoly does not abolish competition but merely changes its forms and scope, but the observation is mere repetition; it is not related to the underlying movement of American capitalism or, particularly, to the tendency of the rate of profit to fall. There is only one reference to the rate of profit, and that in a footnote—a strange procedure, considering that the rate of profit is fundamental in the Marxist analysis of capitalist accumulation and development, that it was used by Marx to prove why capitalism has objective economic limits, and that it binds together the various economic aspects of finance capitalism and imperialism.

There is not a single word on the relation of the agricultural crisis to imperialism, the chapter on the farmers emphasizing the extent to which farm mortgages are owned by banks and other financial institutions; yet it is imperialism that dooms agriculture by encouraging the export of capital and manufactured goods and the import of agricultural products. Nor is the agricultural crisis related to the general crisis of capitalism in terms of the new stage of capitalism that creates both. Miss Rochester dutifully closes with schematic and perfunctory references to the general crisis of capitalism, but they are incomplete and do not naturally and inevitably arise out of preceding analyses, being merely tacked on at the right spot. These are some of the numerous shortcomings of "Rulers of America"; but while they destroy its claim to be "a study of finance capital" in its larger historical, economic and theoretical aspects, they do not by any means destroy its value as a contribution to the factual study of concentration and financial control.

LEWIS COREY.

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Army Surgeon

From a Surgeon's Journal: 1915-1918, by Harvey Cushing. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 555 pages, illustrated. $5.

IT IS in a footnote to the entry of October 18, 1917, in this journal that Dr. Harvey Cushing tells of the hospital organization of the French Service de Santé whose "calculations" were used by the other armies:

> . . . if an attack is to come off, the commanding general merely informs the Service de Santé of the number of divisions to be engaged . . . a curve can be plotted for every attack. *E.g.*, of 12,000 men in a division there will be 400 wounded on the first day, 400 on the second, a drop to about half on the third, and on the fourth everyone exhausted and the numbers fall to 10 or 20. Then this is again repeated. . . . If 10 divisions are engaged, 8,000 wounded the first two days; thus one can calculate the number of tables, surgeons, etc., required.

I know of no more succinct elucidation of our dementia than this cold mathematical calculation of the wounded in our industry of war. But Dr. Cushing does not comment on the insanity of it. He calls it an "instructive account." Indeed, this eminent surgeon makes no diagnosis of the disease evidenced by the symptoms of war. And yet the book itself is one of the most overwhelming accusations of world madness to be found in war literature—all the more overwhelming, perhaps, because Dr. Cushing seems unconscious of it.

Because during the War I was fooled by the war lords, I find it easy to understand why, in a day-to-day record of the conflict, at close quarters on many fronts, there could be little questioning beyond the day. But that the author could give this book to the public *in 1936* with no further comment—no revaluation—seems to me wholly incomprehensible.

> I greatly doubt [he wrote] whether reliance on any known antiseptic will aid the average surgeon in accelerating the return of wounded men to active duty—which of course is the purpose of these studies.

There we have it, the stark fact: the main purpose of hospitals in wartime—"hospitals as necessary in war as troops"—is to get the men back on active duty.

Only once or twice does the author, one of the most eminent brain specialists in America, "wonder . . . what it is all about." Nevertheless, and most important, it is here—the answer in detail to the futility and waste. The day-by-day stuff of war is related in a delightful prose, and the sensitive etchings of individual men and of masses of men against the background of nature are excellent. The "discriminating reader," to whom the preface appeals, must, however, do his own wondering about the causes of the disease and its prognosis. If he is sufficiently discriminating he may wonder at our rage against the "violence" of the Communists and the Fascists while we are supporting the violence of war to the tune of over a billion dollars a year. He may discover in this document an answer to those who demand these billions for "defense against invasion." He may pause for more than a minute over this item:

> In regard to the full participation of the U.S.A., the D.D.M.S. said it's worth remembering that every man requires each year two and one-half tons of supplies—about fifteen pounds a day (for food, clothing, etc.) irrespective of ammunition.

He may find it worth remembering, also, that the U. S. Army in 1917-18 was not an invading army. One would do well to make some mathematical calculations based on such items (of which there are a number stated and many implicit in the book) relative to the physical possibility of an invading army which must first cross 3,000 or 6,000 miles of sea.

We may insist that we have heard enough about war and are sick to death of it, but we shall have to hear a great deal more about it yet. Indeed, it may not be long before we are at it again and then it will compel our whole attention. Before that prospect we in America, who show in our colossal preparations for "defense" our appalling ignorance of war and warfare, should pause to read "From a Surgeon's Journal."

MARY MASTER NEEDHAM.

The Traveler Who Listened

Two Worlds, by Lester Cohen. New York: Covici, Friede. 412 pages. $3.50.

IN THE days when it was unfashionable for a writer to be too interested in social affairs, he would usually return from abroad with a picture of the world in which his face crowded out the native scenery. There are writers today, however, less pretentious, who do not declaim their domestic ideas in exotic surroundings, as Lawrence did among the Etruscan tombs, and who allow themselves to absorb, to be taught; they have that certain instinct, based on curiosity and plain humility, that distinguishes a good travel writer like Hawthorne from a poor one like Dickens. And it is that instinct, for all its gay and often careless appearance, that is most obvious in "Two Worlds."

Cohen is not, as things go, a very thoughtful writer, nor does he try too often to be one; when he does, his ideas seem commonplace, the words not his own. What gives his book its tang is something simpler, more fundamental to communication: a feeling for people, at once warm-hearted and racy, that helps to convey gestures, aspirations, the tones of voices; and with it a quick, sure talent for puncturing blowhards and commemorating the great mass of tired, silent people who push the world along. He has a picture of a little Chinese, for example, that suggests all the lasting impressions that a traveler with a social conscience would probably get in China: the man, cheated by a Scandinavian, running after the rickshaw, then ducking in and out of the crowd to avoid a policeman's stick (the customer is always right), finally catching up with the foreigner, begging him for the money, being refused, cutting his feet on some glass in the gutter, then being smashed on the head by the policeman, and wailing.

All over the world, Cohen realized, people were begging, waiting, anxious to talk, and he talked to them: the Colonel's lady in India, the Egyptian dragoman, the procurers, the officials. There was one conversation, however, that he forced, and it was a compensation for the interminable recital of world complaint. In Lubertze, the Ogpu colony for reclaimed criminals, he talked to a former pickpocket, and asked him why he wanted to stay there. The man pointed out a swamp he had helped fill, an apartment house he had helped build, the old cathedral he had helped to convert into a club. He had married in Lubertze, he said, his first child had been born there. "I want to stay here and teach."

ALFRED KAZIN.

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Readings in Natural Science

Green Laurels: The Lives and Achievements of the Great Naturalists, by Donald Culross Peattie. New York: Simon and Schuster. 400 pages. $3.75.

THIS IS an excellent popularization, with a literary quality most books of the kind lack. And it has a use beyond entertainment: since the values of science keep shifting, the layman needs an occasional restatement of them for the sake of perspective. Take the cases of Darwin and Lamarck, for instance: Mr. Peattie joins forces with those who are bringing back Lamarck, yet he does so without diminishing the achievement of Darwin. He shows the two scientists as complementary figures, and points out that although Darwin "was never a declared Lamarckian, he was one at heart." Mr. Peattie's best passages are those in which he is bringing some neglected pioneer to light; he is especially tender towards the early naturalists of the American wilderness. One of the high points of the book is the sympathetic discussion of the Scottish "proletarian" poet, Alexander Wilson, whose poems were sometimes mistaken for those of Burns. Wilson was driven from Scotland because of some verses he wrote "against the weaver's overseers and the early barons of spinning," and he came across the sea to be one of America's earliest ornithologists.

Mr. Peattie begins his book with a discussion of Aristotle and the Schoolmen and ends with Fabre, who, he believes, has pointed the way to naturalists of the future. Two chapters are devoted to Linnaeus and his influence, and there are discussions of other European naturalists as well as the American pioneers. There is a sympathetic account (marred once by a somewhat unnecessary allusion to Lenin) of Robert Owen's experiment at New Harmony, Indiana, with an appraisal of its achievements in science. In some ways this book has the same intimate nudge as Paul De Kruif's "Microbe Hunters," though it lacks that work's melodrama and explosive prose. There are fine illustrations, most of them little-known portraits of the great naturalists as they looked in youth and age; and there is even a quaint picture of the "Beagle," whose voyage to the Galápagos helped change the course of modern thought.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE.

The "Peaceful Son"

Togo and the Rise of Japanese Sea Power, by Edwin A. Falk. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 521 pages. $4.

TOGO'S life ran a course parallel not only to the development of the navy but also to Japan's growth since the opening of her ports to the West. The "Peaceful Son" (Heihachiro) of "The Eastern Hamlet" (Togo) was born in Satsuma Province, which has contributed many statesmen to New Japan. He served in the navy of his provincial lord during the latter period of the feudal regime. The early imperial government dispatched him to England in 1871 as one of the students to be trained under the Union Jack. After his seven years abroad, followed by ordinary promotions, his name became internationally known in July, 1894, through his sinking of the "Kowshing" with all her passengers. This act, perpetrated before the Sino-Japanese war had even been formally declared, is discussed in detail by the biographer.

The climax of Togo's career came during the Russian war, 1904-05, his country's first conflict with a major power. One May morning in 1905 at Tsushima Straits he signaled the Mikado's men-of-war: "The rise or fall of the Empire depends upon this battle; let every man do his utmost." The result of the action was the destruction and capture of the enemy ships, permanent security for Japan in the northwestern corner of the Pacific and the turning point of her naval as well as of her national history.

Togo was singularly devoted to his profession and shunned the political life that usually lures Japanese of his background and accomplishment. His life—December, 1847, to May, 1934—personified the traditional samurai spirit. His devotion to the navy, to his country and to his emperor never swayed. He lived a simple life. He was a man of action rather than eloquence. An account of his meeting with Theodore Roosevelt is one of the episodes that brings him close to American readers. Mr. Falk, who is a former naval officer, has analyzed his material scientifically, without bias. The naval engagements in which Togo took part are described with discernment and penetration, giving due credit to all participants. The more technical passages, instructive to experts, are relieved by delightful turns of expression. making the volume a most readable book of its kind for laymen as well.

BUNJI OMURA.

If You Want to Know

United States Government Manual, published by the National Emergency Council. $2.

THE "United States Government Manual," issued by the National Emergency Council, is a loose-leaf compendium of information about the United States government, costing $2 with the service kept up for a full year. If a bureau changes or gets a new chief, a new printed sheet goes out to owners of the book.

There is nothing dramatic about it, of course, but if anyone really wants to know about the government and all about the New Deal it tells the whole story analytically. Surely the Liberty Leaguers haven't even found out about it, because it's enough to give them apoplexy for its completeness of bureaus and departments.

Take the R.F.C. as an example for information. At the beginning, "Creation and Authority"—the law explained. Then "Purpose." Then under "Organization" you can find the location of any office or suboffice anywhere; other titles are "Capital Stock," "Obligations," "Activities." Then there is the R.F.C. *Mortgage* Company, which some people didn't know existed, the "Federal Credit Union System," the "Export and the Import Banks," "National Capital Park and Planning Commission"—enough bureaus and organizations to make a du Pont contribute a million to a new sucker organization.

Practically nothing has been said about this loose-leaf government publication. Certainly every school that seeks to teach government, economics—or anything else, for that matter—ought to have a copy of it. Every business man in America should read it. It is the finest informational service ever gotten out by our government, and best of all, it's factual, with no sermons, speeches or opinions.

Nothing exciting, nothing to get happy over, nothing to get weak about. All facts in loose-leaf, concise, snappy; and well written. It has the American coat of arms on the front and it says: "A simplified textbook designed to inform every citizen as to government procedure and to make effectively available all federal services." And that's what it is.

MAURY MAVERICK.

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Books in Brief

T. H. Huxley's Diary of the Voyage of H.M.S. "Rattlesnake," edited by Julian Huxley. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 315 pages, illustrated. $3.

IF THE grandmother of Julian Huxley had not had "a passion for keeping everything (or an aversion to throwing anything away)" we should not now—forty years after his death—have the privilege of noting the first stages in the intellectual and human development of the great British naturalist who was proud to call himself "Darwin's bulldog." The "Diary," which was unearthed from a mass of household account-books, covers the four years (from 1846 to 1850) during which, as surgeon and naturalist on board the "Rattlesnake," Thomas Henry Huxley stored up hundreds of observations garnered from the lands and waters of the South Pacific. Written without thought of publication, by fits and starts but always with the stubborn earnestness of a young student who knew precisely the road he was to follow, the book is chiefly valuable for its many intimate glimpses of Huxley the man. And this human side is given a characteristically Victorian touch in the passages inspired by his future wife, Henrietta Heathorn—whose own "Journal," considerably edited, is thrown in for good measure.

As a record of scientific accomplishment the "Diary" is unimportant, but as a self-portrait of one of the keenest scientific minds of the nineteenth century during its most formative years it is definitely worth while. Reading it—and despite the often confusing editorial irruptions of Julian Huxley—one readily agrees with the "well known artist" who, upon being shown some of "T. H.'s" drawings (there are fourteen of them included), exclaimed, "What courage amateurs have! Huxley attempts what most of us would be afraid of tackling, and only the greatest artists could attack successfully: yet sometimes he all but pulls it off."

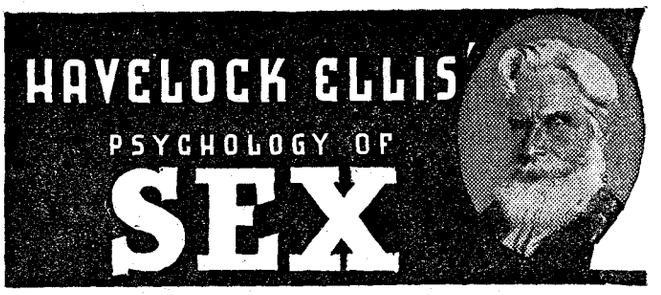
To which the shade of Bishop Wilberforce might answer, wryly, "Amen." H. W.

Monogram, by G. B. Stern. New York: The Macmillan Company. 293 pages. $2.50.

The subject of "Monogram" is "myself . . . with as much as possible of myself to be left out": it might have been called circumlocution. Mrs. Stern's "baroque subconscious" has always manifested itself by drawing arabesques on her initials; and her autobiography is intended as just another—but conscious—form of automatic writing:

> . . . Three times I will start from a casually selected object . . . honestly allowing the line of the pattern to take whatever twists and curves . . . it wills; honestly; not forcing it in this direction nor in that, simply because this or that direction might make the prettier or the more rhythmical pattern.

Mrs. Stern need not worry—her overlaid spontaneous and stylized patterns give a very pretty effect. She possesses both genuine niceness and the niceties, and her lamented "strong pierrotic tendency" has developed into a "whimsical" sense of humor. The sprightly woman with a considerable avoirdupois of worldly experience and adaptability is still something of a sprite with a King Charles's Head ("some whimsical obsession"—see David Copperfield; and "whim . . . derives from the Scandinavian 'Lvima': to wander with the eyes"). But her "wandering," like playing hookey, is a mild oat in the best tradition. E. G.



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The Dangerous Year, by Raymond Leslie Buell. New York: Foreign Policy Association. 80 pages. 35 cents.

FROM HIS encyclopedic knowledge of foreign affairs, Mr. Buell retells the story of 1935 with a pro-League bias. He finds England's support of sanctions against Italy an immensely hopeful development, and believes that it means "the rebirth" of the League. His program for the future—to which the major part of his pamphlet is devoted—consists on the one hand of concessions to the "legitimate" aspirations of Italy, Germany and Japan, and on the other of wholehearted enforcement of the Covenant's provisions against aggression. The refusal of the United States Congress, in its neutrality legislation of last February, to distinguish between an aggressor nation and its victim provokes him to caustic criticism. Mr. Buell's pamphlet affords an able defense of the League system; once his premises are granted, his conclusions cannot easily be challenged. His case, however, rests on the assumption that sovereign, capitalistic states can be persuaded to place the interests of peace and world economic justice above those of their own governing groups, and there is very little in the post-war history of Europe and the Orient to suggest that this assumption has validity. J. M.

Flea Circus, by Bettina Linn. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.

In following the daily lives of three distinct groups of people appearing in the headlines of an evening paper, this novel rescues them momentarily from the limbo of a great American city. Of the three, the most vital is the group of workers whose ranks are bitterly divided between two kinds of leadership: that of Pauline Stein, who offers them the coöperation of the Communist Party, and that of Al, the leader of the Unemployed League who is equally sincere, but distrusts all Communists as Russians, theorists and hell-raisers. The same search for a faith with which to identify themselves motivates the outstanding characters in the other two groups. Mary Murray, the Irish girl who keeps house for three Catholic priests in whose church a miracle occurs, finds the answer in Catholicism, but Kathy Gillespie, who is a social-research worker until 5 P.M. and then a secure suburban wife and mother, is torn by conflicting loyalties. Miss Linn at her best possesses a good sense of realism, but only the workers stand out clearly in this panoramic novel. She is aware of the exact importance to a worker, of a strike, an unemployment demonstration or an eviction, and respectfully refrains from "loading" these passages. In writing about the other groups, she tries to be and unfortunately succeeds in being clever. M. F.

Contributors

CHARLES A. BEARD's latest book, "The Discussion of Human Affairs," was recently published by Macmillan.

AUGUST W. DERLETH, born in Sauk City, Wisconsin, is the author of several novels, including "The Place of Hawks," published last year by Loring and Mussey.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN is the author of "The Secret War for Oil" and "Santa Anna, Napoleon of the West," and co-author, with H. F. Engelbrecht, of "Merchants of Death." Formerly a foreign correspondent, he is at present free-lancing in New York City.

ROBERT CANTWELL, whose articles and criticism have appeared in many magazines, is the author of two novels, "Laugh and Lie Down" and "The Land of Plenty."

EVELYN MILLER CROWELL (Mrs. Chester T. Crowell) is the head of the editorial section of the Division of Press Intelligence for the United States government.

LEWIS COREY is the author of several books on financial and economic subjects, including "The Decline of American Capitalism" and "The Crisis of the Middle Class."

MARY MASTER NEEDHAM is the author of "Tomorrow to Fresh Fields," a book describing her activities during and after the World War. She was wartime Director of Publicity for the American Committee for Devastated France.

ALFRED KAZIN has written book reviews for The New Republic, The Herald Tribune Books, Scribner's and The New York Times Book Review.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE has contributed to magazines in the United States and in Great Britain. He was formerly a sports feature writer on The Panama American and is associate editor of Ringmaster.

BUNJI OMURA has edited Japanese newspapers in New York City and on the Pacific Coast, and has contributed articles on Japanese affairs to various American magazines.

MAURY MAVERICK, a member of the Texas family that gave its name to unbranded stock, is a leader of the progressive group in the House of Representatives.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Harold Ward, Eva Goldbeck, Jonathan Mitchell and Margaret Frohnknecht.

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